SATURDAY NIGHT

SEPTEMBER 27, 1952 10 CENTS

KING WHEAT STILL RULES

by James H. Gray

Editor, Farm and Ranch Review

TAKE a glance at the Prairies and you'll see a hoary old monarch, long considered happily dead and deeply buried, beating the bejabbers out of a host of young upstarts. It is old King Wheat reasserting his authority over his 60 million-acre Prairie domain and in the process making oil, cattle, manufacturing and construction look like refugees from the poor house.

The oil boom has been making headlines for five years on the Prairies. Right now the wells of Alberta are spewing forth the black gold at the rate of 200,000 barrels a day. That's $500,000 a day of brand new wealth tumbling into the tills of the oil companies. In a year it adds up almost $200,000,000. Even in these days of inflated dollars, nobody sneezes at that string of digits.

But let's get it into perspective. This year the prairies are harvesting the biggest crop ever grown. It will run, for all grains, well beyond 1,250,000,000 bushels, of which 630 million will be wheat, and high grade wheat at that. This grain bonanza will bring almost $2 billion, or 10 times as much as all the oil wells are capable of producing. Alberta alone will get more for its non-wheat coarse grain crop than will be realized from oil, with perhaps $50 million left over.

ASTRONOMERS and economists can wrestle with billions. But a crop this size makes figures meaningless for laymen. Loaded in box cars, it would fill a train stretching from Halifax to Vancouver, back to Halifax again and out to Vancouver again. Or piled in Yonge Street to a depth of 50 feet it would stretch clear out to Newmarket. Or frozen into blocks and stacked like hay on the grounds of Ottawa's Landsdowne Park, it would make a pile 1,000 feet long, 1,000 feet wide and 1,000 feet high. Or if Canadians themselves tried to eat the wheat, it would take them until about 1960 to consume it, if they ate at the rate of a pound of bread a day, per capita.

This is the kind of year Prairie farmers dream about; only not even the fanciest dreamers ever really had the nerve to let their imaginations conjure up a year like this.

Out here in the West, time is reckoned differently from anywhere else. Polaric years are those of the big crops, years everybody remembers and everybody talks about, years like 1915 and 1928. Or years that everyone would sooner forget, the years of drought and crop failure, like 1937. Yet nothing that has gone before will ever get into the 1952 class because this was the two-crop year, the year of the double miracle. This was the year of the sun!

Nobody can understand the 1952 harvest, and what it means to every farmer on the Prairies, without an appreciation of 1951, the biggest heart-break year we ever had. We grew a big crop last year, the second biggest in history. But when winter came early less than half the 531 million bushel wheat crop was threshed. Almost 300 million bushels lay

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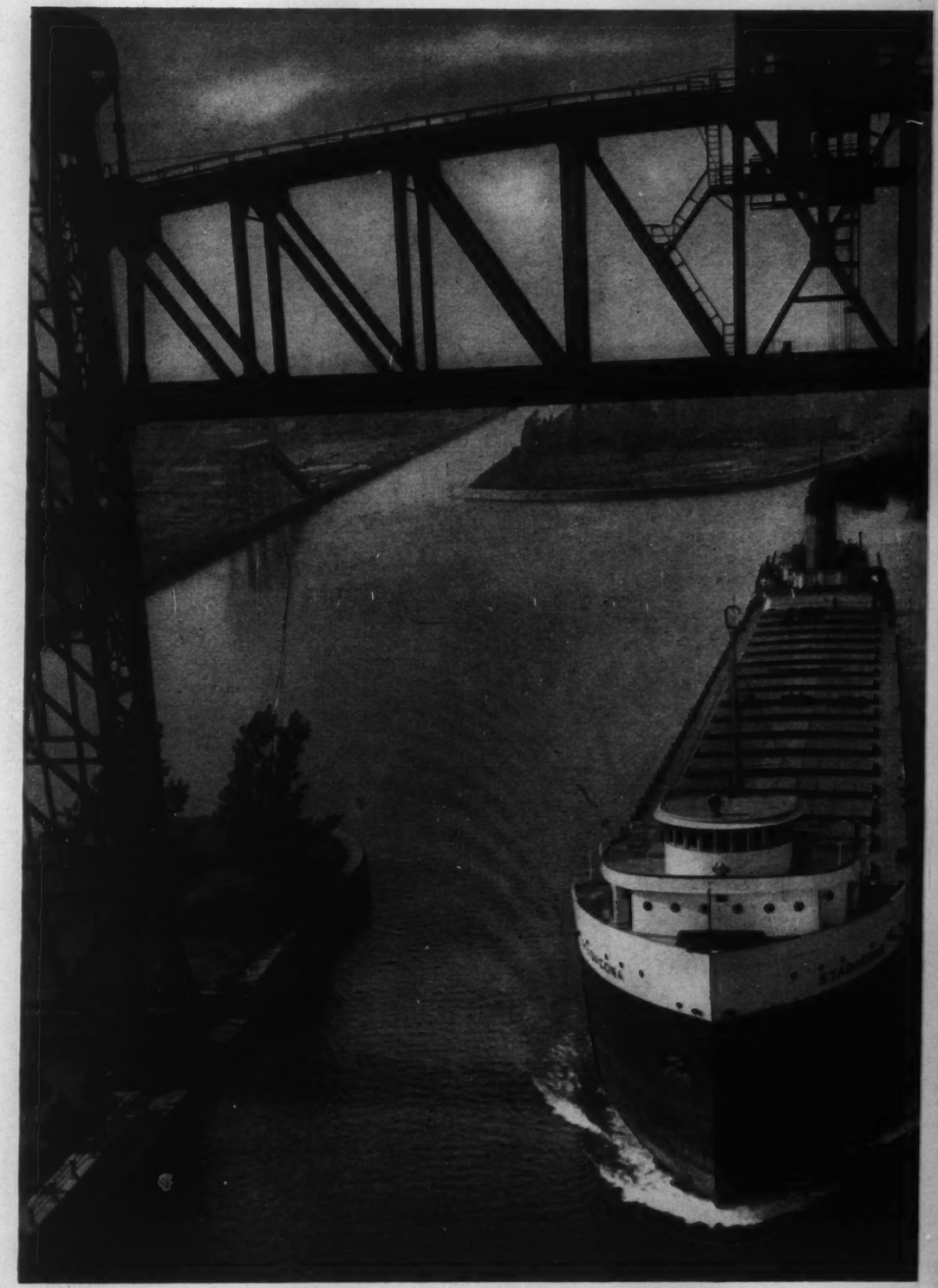

—Malak

BUMPER PRAIRIE CROP on the move: lake freighter *Stadacona* passes through Welland Canal.

Pick New Judges on Merit . . . . J. A. Clark
Canadian Football Outlook . . . . . Kim McIlroy

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"OUR DOLLAR Is Too High", emphatically writes Editor Emeritus B. K. SANDWELL . . . RODNEY GREY, former member of SATURDAY NIGHT'S staff, writes of the November Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference "a sort of family pow-wow in time of crisis" . . . "Where Does Music Go in the Summertime?" asks SIR ERNEST MACMILLAN, comparing his present experiences at the Edinburgh Festival (in the first of two articles) with the state of music in the summer in Canada . . . Plastic surgery, writes HELEN BEATTIE, is no longer the resort of vanity but of mental rehabilitation.

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OTTAWA VIEW

St. Laurent Opens Campaign

by Michael Barkway

THE BRACING air of the West evidently produced a full dose of its traditional effects upon Prime Minister St. Laurent. During his Western tour he not only indicated the probability of an election 12 months from now, he also gave a broad hint about the policy he will take to the country, and fired the opening volleys in the campaign.

The most publicized of his remarks were contained in a single paragraph of his speech to the Winnipeg Canadian Club, which contained the statement that our present budget of $4½ billion is "just about the limit even under the present buoyant phase of our economy if we are to pay for our services as we use them and at the same time preserve a healthy general economy."

Economists can put up an argument about this. A good many of them will disagree with the Prime Minister. The point which he went on to develop was that the State should not be committed to a level of expenditure which it cannot maintain in poor times as well as good. And there's no objection to that. But this is quite different from setting an absolute figure as a limit on expenditures.

In economic terms it is just nonsense to say that $4½ billion is the limit not only for this year but also for next. It all depends on what the level of next year's production and incomes is to be. It depends what the price level is to be. The best current forecasts—which are probably on the conservative side — are that next year's national product will be about 5 per cent higher than this year's. If, therefore, it was good economics to have a $4½ billion budget this year, it will still be good ecnomics to have a larger budget next year on the basis of a higher national product.

ST. LAURENT'S statement — in the terms in which he put it—cannot be accepted as a serious economic proposition. Presumably he did not intend it to be. It was a political statement, and what it lacked in economic exactitude it made up in political value.

Indeed, the PM's speeches on his recent tour make an excellent guide to the present intentions of the Liberal Government. Such a guide is particularly valuable because of this party's astonishing capacity for moving in opposing directions at the same time. It is also precarious because of the Liberals' ability to reverse their direction overnight without showing any signs of uneasiness.

The bewildered voter must always allow for the Liberal resemblance to a chameleon. No one can be sure what change of color will come next because no one can be sure what the change in the background will be. But assuming a relatively constant background, the PM's Western speeches clinch the evidence in support of an unusual conclusion. The Liberal party is enjoying a phase of being liberal.

As soon as this is said there come to mind certain features of Government policy which cannot be called liberal by any possible distortion of the political vocabulary: Gardiner's views on the import of agricultural products, or Harris's restriction of immigration by unpublished departmental orders, or Howe's emergency powers—unused though they mostly are. But allowing for a good deal of tacking this way and that according to the prevailing wind, the dominant policies of 1952 set a liberal course. There is more justification now than there has been for a long time for saying that the Liberals are true to their name after their fashion.

In his speech at Portage La Prairie, for example, St. Laurent said: "The Liberal view is that government should assist and encourage free men and women to develop the resources of this country for themselves and one another, and that our main task is to hold a proper baiance between city and country, between one region and another, between one economic group and another, so that all can march forward together." And again: "I agree that we should develop and manufacture as much of our own resources at home as we can. But we Liberals do not believe in banning exports and building up hot house industries behind high tariff walls."

THE recent record on tariffs has not satisfied all the people who want to sell to us, but the Government has resisted some strong protectionist pressures. In government procurement Howe has been inflexible about placing orders on a competitive business basis. The amended combines law (including last year's hotly-contested prohibition of resale-price maintenance) is a return to the liberalism which Mackenzie King preached so ardently in the '20's: if it lacks the same fervor, it may still have more practical effect.

In finance the real heart of Government thinking is shown less in taxes than in the abolition of exchange controls and the indirect means chosen to control inflation. The tax level does not reflect Abbott's idea of what is desirable: it reflects only the Cabinet's ideas of what the Government should undertake—especially in defence and the social services. If it is not true in economic terms that Canada has reached the practicable limit of taxation — and this theme sounds very thin when Abbott expounds it to international gatherings — it may be true psychologically. And Abbott is on liberal ground in claiming that a sound economy depends on a sound business psychology.

In the sphere of foreign affairs

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EDITORIALS

Don Jail Highlights Cost of Economy

TORONTO'S Don Jail fiasco is the latest and saddest example of the high cost of government economy. More than any other single factor, qualified personnel is the answer to proper prison administration, and with jail wages below the wages paid any other group of civic employees the turnover of jail guards in recent years has grown to frightening proportions. At the salaries offered—well below those paid garbagemen and below prevailing rates for common laborers—possibility of securing trained personnel became more difficult.

Ontario government economy set the wage scale and Toronto paid the bill, but Toronto economy turned down cost-of-living bonuses which were not mandatory. Toronto economy also refused point blank $900 for a fluoroscope to check prisoners, and visitors and guards for saw blades. The request was made after the city had spent nearly $1 million to lodge Edwin Boyd and his three desperate pals in the jail following the murder of a policeman and the robbery of a series of banks. The same men had broken out of the same jail before.

It is unfortunate that it required the shock of the sensational jail break to force home the double lesson that scratch labor is not competent to deal with desperadoes and that no institution can be effectively run under divided jurisdiction. The Province hires the staff; the city pays the bills.

Attention focussed on jail guard wages could with advantage be turned also on all Provincial institutions. One reason given for not raising jail wages was that the increase would have to be passed along to guards in other prisons; to employees in mental institutions. It is to be hoped that it will not take a tragedy to show the need for more efficient help in the other prisons and in the Ontario hospitals.

The Don Jail delivery will have done some good if it focusses attention of the need for a speed-up in prison reform not only in Ontario but in all Canadian institutions.

Prison Problems

IN FEDERAL prisons a good deal has already been accomplished and it is not just accidental that none of the recent prison riots was in the penitentiaries. Federal guard-training plans have developed rapidly since the war and wage rates have gone up.

Some of the provinces have already taken steps to change their prison systems. Saskatchewan is hard at work implementing the report of the Laycock Commission. Conditions at the Oakalla Jail outside Vancouver led to an investigation in British Columbia and the Commission report is a guide to future activities. A judge has investigated and reported on the situation in New Brunswick.

Ontario has a plan worked out by the administrative staff but critics are suggesting that the Province requires an impartial commission to take a good look at the situation and lay down a plan involving all fronts. A definite prison philosophy which could be followed continuously seems to be needed. Ontario, however, is fortunate in the new Minister of Reform Institutions. Hon. John Foote has unusual qualifications for the job but every new minister requires time to build up a proper staff.

In prison work, more than in most jobs, the successful man requires a feeling of dedication. But even the man with a mission should be paid properly.

Just When Things Seemed to Have Quieted Down

Rockslides and Salmon

WHEN a freak rockslide in June, 1951, on the Babine River in BC cut off the route of the sockeye salmon's annual spawning run, it was thought that the disaster would reduce the 1955 crop of Skeena sockeye by at least 50 per cent. Experts, viewing the 520-foot barrier created in the river by the slide, called it an even worse disaster than the Hell's Gate blockage of 1913. This blockage almost destroyed the entire Fraser River run before it was by-passed with fishways in 1945.

The Babine disaster has sharpened the conflict in the Province between those who would encourage and increase BC's industrial potential—at the expense of natural resources, including the fisheries—and those who see the natural resources as having an automatic priority over such developments as hydro-electric plants that may endanger the fish runs.

However, engineering ingenuity has forestalled the recurrence of the Fraser River aftermath. With $90,000 allocated by Ottawa, Fisheries Department engineer Jack Dyson and a half-dozen bulldozers went immediately to work. Between September and June they ran a 65-mile road through almost impenetrable country, erecting 15 major and 40 minor bridges along the route.

Emergency blasting cleared a passage in the stream large enough to let salmon start moving through last month. Soon they reached 9,000 a day, or enough, say the experts, to maintain the future crops that might have been wiped out by the rockslide. The feat provided at least a partial answer to the "Nature First" critics: through engineering techniques, the brainwork of all heavy industry, the Babine River run has been preserved. It also shows that disasters such as Hell's Gate belong to BC's pioneer past.

Profitable Coves

A PERSON who writes to the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald* from Melville Cove—a place which we do not find in the list of Canadian post offices—complains that Peggy's Cove, which is not only a post office but quite a famous place, "is much over-played", and has in consequence become so commercialized "that residents have erected poles in their front yards with a tin box attached and a sign 'Parking 10 cents'." And he asks: "Why not let Peggy's Cove be just that—Peggy's Cove—an average little fishing village and not 'Parking 10 cents'?"

We do not know whether Melville Cove—which from other points in the letter we judge to be in Halifax County—is jealous of Peggy's Cove and wants to have some "Parking 10 cents" signs itself, or whether it wants the tourist business spread equally over all the lovely fishing villages of Nova Scotia, in which case there would probably not be enough of it to justify parking signs anywhere. But we can assure Melville Cove that it will not attain either of these objectives. Tourists are like

sheep. They all want to go to the same place, and a very slight difference in aesthetic quality suffices to turn the scale and make them all want to go to this one fishing village instead of any score of others practically just as good.

Indeed the difference need not be in aesthetic quality at all. In the case of Peggy's Cove we are confident that it is largely in the name. We have no idea who Peggy was, but she sounds extremely romantic and must obviously have been closely associated with the Cove itself, whereas Melville is merely the name of a Scottish family and is lavishly scattered all over Canada, Australia and other parts where adventurous Scots have penetrated. Tell a friend that you have been taking snapshots of Melville Cove, and he will forget the name of the place in ten minutes; tell him that you have been sketching in Peggy's Cove, and he will immediately think of a lovely fisher-maiden with a tragic fate, and the place presumably named for her will remain in his mind for ever.

Peggy's Cove may be merely a little-better-than-average fishing village, but it has the perfect fishing-village name. We are glad to know that that name is earning it some revenue, even if only at the rate of ten cents per parking.

Saving Sterling

THE thesis which the Canadian Government has to put to the United Kingdom at the forthcoming Commonwealth conferences on sterling is by no means a Canadian creation. Ottawa cannot and does not claim either originality or inspiration. The force of the thesis is known as well to British experts as to Canadian. The only reason why Canada should push it at the conferences is that there is no conceivable point in calling the Commonwealth countries together unless the United Kingdom is prepared to act on it.

One page of type in this year's report of the Bank of International Settlements says it all. The first essential, says the report referring to Europe as well as Britain, is "that each country should restore a proper balance in its domestic economy". It goes on: "To say that there is a close link between domestic policy and external equilibrium used to be regarded as almost a truism; but a time came when the existence of this link seemed to be forgotten or was even categorically denied". The B.I.S. adds with an optimism which we hope is justified: "To-day a different attitude is in evidence. Perhaps the main reason for the change is that a number of countries which had succeeded in putting their own houses in order have suddenly found that most of their balance-of-payments difficulties have disappeared as if of their own accord".

"Big Joe" and His Boys

SOME thirty years ago the Massey family presented the University of Toronto with Hart House, a handsome social and recreational centre for men students. It is one of the best appointed college buildings on this continent for indoor sports and cultural clubs like music and art. The Great Hall serves equally well for meals, dances or concerts; the common rooms induce probably the most effective college activity of all—student (and staff) friendships in quiet conversations or bull sessions. Varsity students over the decades have had a succession of big-brother-like wardens helping them to get most out of their Hart House and each other. This week as the university swung into a new academic year, Joseph McCulley, the new warden, was on hand.

A popular Varsity old boy who had taken post-graduate studies at Oxford, Joe McCulley seems to have been following a career that would take him at some time to the Hart House job. He was headmaster of Pickering College for twenty years and almost from the start made educational news. His theories and practices were bold and raised educationists' eyebrows but results proved he was on the right track. One of his first steps, for instance, was to abolish caning and initiate a system of self-discipline in the student body. All his life Joe McCulley has been active on committees

—Capitol Press

JOSEPH McCULLEY

for youth and education but in his job of recent years, as deputy commissioner of federal penitentiaries, he made a new national mark. He was responsible for organizing educational and vocational facilities in those places. His success has been recognized by men in Ottawa and men in the prisons.

When his resignation was announced, tributes came from behind the stone walls. *Tele-Scope*, publication of the inmates at Kingston, said: "Our regret that you are leaving the job is, in itself, the best proof that you have succeeded to a large degree in changing our attitude." *Pen-O-Rama*, the magazine at St. Vincent de Paul, gave "Big Joe" a fond farewell and a genial reminder that "some day his will be the unenviable task of trying to distinguish among old boys from Pickering College, old boys from any of Canada's seven penitentiaries and old boys from one of the many colleges of the University of Toronto."

Commonwealth Symbol

THE BUSINESS sessions of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association in Ottawa were not very impressive, so far as the Association allowed anyone to judge. It excluded the press from its discussions and issued rather poor summaries which left the impression that no delegate from anywhere had had any contribution with any claim to originality. If the object of the meetings was an exchange of ideas, it seems to have been a second-hand bargain sale.

But the business sessions were perhaps the least important part of the meeting in Canada. The most important part—and certainly the part which most of the delegates enjoyed the most—was the opportunity to make a trip across Canada and see something of a country which is enjoying such a fabulous reputation. Canada is very much the fashion just now.

We certainly hope it was profitable and pleasant for MP's from so many Commonwealth lands to see Canada. We are sure it was both profitable and pleasant for Canadians to see something of them. Much the best account of what Canada gained from the meeting which we have seen was in a French-Canadian paper from the pen of a veteran French-Canadian correspondent in Ottawa.

M. Georges Langlois described in *La Presse* of Montreal the striking appearance of a black African delegate, wearing colorful African robes, upon the terrace of Parliament Hill in Ottawa. He was taking pictures with the latest model of movie-camera. "This black African", wrote M. Langlois, "wearing his national costume, working an American camera in a Canadian setting, and speaking Oxford English, was both the image of the Commonwealth and its explanation." "Everyone finds in the Commonwealth", he goes on, "something of what he wants without assuming more obligations than he is disposed to accept; and the freedom to leave the Commonwealth is for everyone one of the reasons for staying in it".

"There is no choice in our days", M. Langlois says. "To isolate yourself is to fall. Isolated and alone, the black African from the Niger would have neither his freedom nor his movie-camera; he would fall back into his slavery and the primitive life of earlier times. The people of Asia would have no hope of survival, and Europe—like America—would be open to conquest".

Sneak Raiders

WE WONDER how many Canadians are alarmed at the idea of sneak raiders from a potentially hostile power dropping their bombs upon us without warning. In the United States, it seems, a civilian observer corps is already on duty day and night to guard against the danger. We hope it will not be concluded that we love our land any less than our southern neighbors.

In this peacetime recruitment of the observer corps in the United States it is not fanciful to see an epitome of the difference in outlook which divides some Americans from their Western allies.

In mid-July 1952 some authority in the United States—apparently it was an Air Force decision, though it would seem strange to our way of thinking if it had not been confirmed by the highest political authority—decided that the United States was in the most imminent danger of air attack and should keep hundreds of thousands of people busy scanning the clouds by day and night. The public response, we are not surprised to see, has been "disappointing."

To our Canadian way of thinking, this decision was grotesquely out of keeping with the whole concept of Western strategy. To us strained relations with Russia have never yet meant that we expected to fight Russia this year or next year.

But nothing could be more remote from this conception than the attempt to get the civil population keyed up to meet a sneak raid tomorrow night. Nor, for us, could anything be more unwise than to ask thousands of people to give up their beds and their leisure for a watch on the skies which is more likely to last five years than one.

NEW VERSE

Poets Now Suffer in Groups

by B. K. Sandwell

LIFE has always been hard for poets, and they have always been extremely busy trying to persuade themselves and us that the reason is not that they are poets, but that there is something wrong about life. That is quite untrue. Life is hard on poets because they have a special degree of sensitivity, they have the artistic temperament. Life is also kind to poets, because they have a special capacity for enjoyment, but they forget about that when they are suffering, and think only of their grievance against life, which is that it is not behaving itself properly, in that it is making poets suffer.

The fashion of the movement is for them to suffer in groups. They get into a basket, like puppies, to keep themselves warm. Here in one little basket, "Cerberus" (Contact Press, $1.50 "in bookstores," $1.00 at the Press, 28 Mayfield Avenue, Toronto 3), are Louis Dudek, Irving Layton and Raymond Souster, all well known members of our younger poetic generation (first publications in 1944 or 1945). Each prefaces his poems in this volume by a page or so of declaration of faith. Mr. Dudek dislikes journalists and advertisers because they use words to "sell"—the latter to sell goods, the former ideas. Mr. Layton dislikes "the ape intelligence of a vicious, profit-seeking press," "an educational system bevelled to the needs of business and technology," and above all "the drag of middle-class morality" which he sees as "hostile to the release of art and sex." Mr. Souster, who writes in the third person, is much less agonized; he dislikes the existing forms of poetry, the existing critics, for existing, and the universities, for turning out only "gutless scholars and chemical engineers"; they ought to turn out poets.

THIS brief summary is not unjust to the three as prose thinkers, but it would be very unjust to say that their verse is no more than an expression of these dislikes. Mr. Dudek is a highly accomplished etcher, with a violent, sharp, deeply-bitten line. The modern city of industry and commerce is his hate and his obsession, and he has an amazing trick of using extreme vulgarity for good artistic effect, which may be partly because he knows Greek, a very civilizing language which is still taught in universities though admittedly not much.

Mr. Layton is even more violent, but that is because he wants you to note that he is violent. His largest and probably best poem begins:

"Man today stinks like a dead horse,"

and ends by describing its author as

"A postman under a wide satirical sky."

Several of his items are addressed to well known names, more or less disguised, of persons prominent in the contemporary intelligentsia; he clearly has a low opinion of them and yet I hardly think that they have to feel insulted about it. One does not challenge the postman for delivering a libellous postcard.

Mr. Souster is a story-teller, and an extremely clever one. He puts his fingers on the essentials of a situation, and in ten lines there it is, you are experiencing it. "The Man Who Finds That His Son Has Become a Thief" is less than 20 lines, but it wrings the situation dry. "London Rendezvous" is two Canadian soldiers saluting the future in a pub, one of them being about to leave for the Front and the other not; it has been done before but not often so vividly. Mr. Layton I suspect is not a good influence on Mr. Souster, and Mr. Souster is no influence at all on Mr. Layton.

All three claim to belong (the claim is made by Mr. Layton, but it is duly seconded and carried unanimously) to a "poetic ferment" which began "with so much promise in the middle 'forties" and which was in large part a protest against "war and social inequality." This ferment, we are told, has been erroneously declared by some unnamed "editorial jackass" to have "petered out scandalously"; actually it has done no such thing, and this "Cerberus," the present three-headed and loudly yelping animal, is merely a precursor; the Contact Press will shortly publish the works of several other " 'dead' but now happily resurrected poets".

THIS is good news, but we hope they will not all devote their talents to protesting against war and social inequality. That sort of thing, especially when done in concert by group poets, always ends up in glorification of egalitarianism and "peace" (not the kind that the world cannot give, which is a legitimate subject of poetry, but the kind that you get by pretending that everybody loves everybody else). Poets should never protest against social inequality in the abstract; what they should object to is the incorrect arrangement of that inequality which puts poets (temporarily) below bankers and newspaper publishers. Similarly they should never object to war in the abstract, any more than to death, the weather, and the necessity of working for a living. To injustice, national selfishness, lust for domination, to all the evils in men's character which lead to war, yes, but don't blame war for them.

The chief function of the classical Cerberus was to see that nobody should leave Hades to return to earth. The kind of earth that the Canadian Cerberus looks upon is such that nobody should want to return to it even if given the opportunity.

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Our Preachers and the Press

Ministers should not complain of newspaper reports of church rows when they prevent reporters getting stories of progress

by A. C. Forrest

IN CANADA the quality of religious news is suffering because of misunderstanding between ministers and newspapermen. To the preacher it seems that when a brother gets into trouble, or a congregation has a row, the story is good for the front page for days. But when good work is done in a local parish or on a Labrador mission, the press doesn't seem interested.

On the other hand, reporters find preachers who spend their lives telling the good news to relatively small groups, thinking it not worthwhile to use the secular press to broadcast the story. They believe in the printed word, they will push the circulation of their denominational papers, even subsidize them heavily, but remain suspicious of any method to secure more and better publicity in those papers which go out to great numbers of non-church as well as church people.

Preachers intensely interested in the long debates at national councils and synods, often watch the papers in vain for comprehensive accounts of the meetings. Instead they find little stories of incidental trivia. The pronouncements of Bishop and Moderator will be ignored and space given to some juvenile discussion about divorce, liquor or young people dancing in the basement.

Reporters may come back with the defense that there was no news in what the Moderator or Bishop said; that preachers won't take the trouble to have their speeches mimeographed for the press; that many seem disdainful of news coverage, and haven't the slightest idea of what has real news value; that religious conferences in Canada usually lack the basic requirements of good public relations; and that virtue seldom makes news anyway, which is a good thing.

One ministerial friend tells me that he dreads the big conferences. Then his phone will be kept busy by sincere but naïve people asking if it is really true that some ministers have Communist leanings, that the United Church is going to expel all members who take a drink, and so on. He blames it all on the press. I don't suppose that it has ever occurred to him that the situation might be improved if the churches settled down seriously to improve their public relations set-up.

Now I've been a preacher for well over a decade and a sort of reporter for much longer. I like editors, respect newspapermen, and find even very young reporters intelligent and decent. I like preachers too. In fact they are quite a bit alike, and have many ideals in common. It's no accident that so many of our best newspapermen come from parsonage, manse or rectory. But I have often been chagrined by the way my brethren of the cloth treat my brethren of the press. And, hoping my clerical collar will help me get away with it my brethren, I'm going to blame the preachers largely for the poor press relations. Of course, there are wonderful exceptions. Right now many churchmen are studying these problems, and recently they have come up with some very helpful, and some humble, suggestions.

The secular press can do a lot for the work of the church. There are some disdainful of its help, and say, "Let our works speak for themselves." Others adopt the attitude that as professional men of dignity they should shun publicity. As far as a minister's pastoral work is concerned, publicity is out of taste. But in the sense that he is a preacher and a teacher, that he has a responsibility to help mould public opinion for good, or encourage troubled people with a relevant word about the church, he needs the press as well as the pulpit.

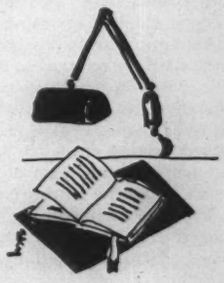
Some time ago a writer did a story for a national Canadian magazine about a missionary in Labrador. He packed his columns with colorful information and anecdotes about fascinating but bitterly hard work. Now I had been telling my people about the same missionary work for years. I had circulated a pamphlet, and I had encouraged them to read the church paper which often told the same story. But some of my men were so interested by what they read in the national magazine, that their attitude to our missionary budget was changed. What I had failed to do, a secular publication accomplished.

MINISTERS seem a little inhibited about this sort of thing though. Perhaps it is a result of loving their church so much, of working so closely in it, that they identify themselves with it. Seeking, or even appreciating, publicity for the church seems like seeking it for the members of their own family, and seems distasteful.

In small towns you will hear the preacher speak of the weekly paper as "the local rag", and perhaps question the integrity and ability of the editor, when their name gets spelled wrongly, or some meeting date gets mixed up. Actually a small-town editor can be the preacher's greatest ally.

At the same time ministers have cause to grumble. Papers can be careless in their treatment of church news. "Maybe if I turn in a lousy story on this, they'll put me back on the police beat," I heard one young reporter say to another at a National Conference. He was bored; he couldn't understand what was going on in the debates. There was no one to give him much help. So he had been reduced to prowling along the corridors in search of a human interest angle. Such reporters come up with the trivia, about what some unknown delegate from Nova Scotia thinks of Toronto's bars, or women in the ministry.

However, even green reporters may be helped immeasurably by a good public relations committee able to secure mimeographed copies of speeches, or summaries of important resolutions or legislation. Preachers, or heads of committees who take the trouble to drop into the press room, or stop at the table and leave a few copies of the committee's findings, will have good coverage. A few preachers take the trouble. Others think it is undignified.



Happily there are exceptions, for I have just covered the General Council in Hamilton, where Press Relations were excellent.

In Europe, I am told, the public relations set-up at a big church council is wonderful. I know the Americans are splendid. Two years ago I attended the World Convention on Christian Education at Toronto, where thousands of delegates from over eighty countries gathered. I thought I might get some material for a regular column I write for *The Ottawa Journal*, and *The Hamilton Spectator*, and perhaps file a special story or two.

I made the mistake of hunting up one of the important Canadian officials, a preacher I thought I had known for many years. He was very discouraging. He didn't think there would be much news in the Convention. Also he didn't remember my name. Knew my face though! As he had been to see me a few weeks before about a favor he wanted, I wasn't surprised that he knew the face. I guess I have that kind of face. I wasn't hurt about the name, but I was irritated to think he hadn't used any finesse. I wanted to get an agenda, but he clutched his own more closely to him. He said they hardly had enough for the thousands of delegates, let alone the press.

So I dropped him, and asked an American preacher if he knew where the press room was. He took me himself. There I was given a table, a basket full of mimeographed speeches which were to be made later, a copy of the agenda, and two invitations to press conferences. One was with Harold Stassen, and the other was to have tea with Kagawa. For the fun of it, I asked if I might have a second copy of the agenda, and they were pleased to supply me.

Actually I felt it was even a little overdone, tea and all that. But I must admit that from having been a bit casual about it all, I realized that it was a mighty important thing to get news of that convention out to the world. You don't get that feeling at a Canadian convention.

HOW is the situation to be improved? For it seems that the thoughtful preachers in several denominations are concerned to have it improved. I'm not sure that public relations officers, boards of information, budgets for propaganda are the answer. I suspect the basic requirement is to get rid of some of the misunderstanding.

The preachers must cease to be suspicious of reporters because of the antics of the few. They are decent, intelligent, and to be trusted. A preacher can talk off the record to a reporter with no fear of his remarks being quoted. No reporter is going to slant religious news, because of his or his publisher's views. The preacher should know that editors are very anxious to give good coverage.

However, the reporter has to get color into his news, and he has to be left to decide what is worth reporting and what is not. The newspaper public won't be as patient as the morning congregation, who listen as though they were interested, even to dull sermons.

I'd hate to suggest the adding of any more burdens to a preacher's life, or to a student's course in theology. But I suspect that the former might profit by a lecture or two by some good newspaperman at an annual conference. And the latter might well forego an hour's Greek or Hebrew, in the final year, in order to have a good reporter to give his views on Preachers and the Press.

REV. A. C. FORREST *is minister of First United Church, Port Credit, Ont.*

Pick Judges on Merit, Not Politics

In appointing judges public service can be a good qualification but there is a difference between that and party loyalty

by J. A. Clark, Q.C.

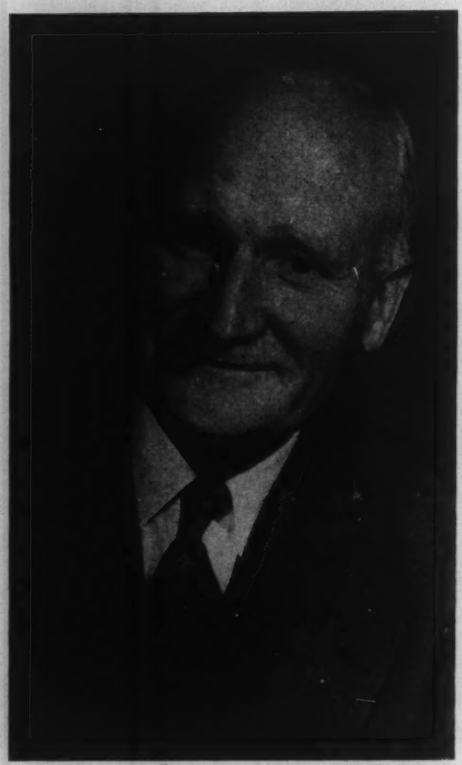
IN JANUARY I delivered an address to the Alberta Bar on the subject "Appointments to the Bench." This was subsequently published in the *Canadian Bar Review* and has been favorably commented upon by the Press of this country. I have been much encouraged by a statement made in the House of Commons by the Minister of Justice that the Government would welcome greater interest in this matter by the Canadian Bar Association, providing, of course, that the constitutional responsibility for the appointment of judges is not abdicated.

As President of this Association I gladly accept the Minister's invitation to discuss this matter further. The invitation is particularly gratifying because a judiciary selected from those possessing the best brains and the highest judicial qualifications is a matter of vital concern both to the Members of the Canadian Bar Association and to the public generally. It is my firm conviction, which I know is shared by many others, that a strong judiciary can make a greater contribution to the public welfare than any other group in our social structure.

In my travels during the past year I found the Bar of each province very much concerned regarding public relations. Much has been done in that connection. Legal aid has become general, indemnity funds have been established in a number of provinces and are under consideration in others. Advertisements are being published in the Press bringing to the notice of the public the advantages of consulting lawyers. In some provinces excellent Press relations have been established and in at least one province interviews are given on legal topics through the medium of the radio. These steps are important and will doubtless have a good effect.

All of these combined, however, will not be comparable to the respect and prestige which the Bar will gain from a judiciary chosen on the basis of merit and divorced from political considerations. In this connection may I repeat with emphasis what I have already said, that I do not believe that public service should disqualify a man from an appointment to the Bench. On the contrary, public service can be a most important qualification, but there is a recognizable and a marked distinction between public service and party loyalty, which latter should not be the principal or indeed a qualification at all. The respect with which a man is held by Bench and Bar for his integrity, his legal attainments and judicial qualities should be the measure of his qualifications. If it so happens that he has also given public service so much the better.

I MAKE my approach to the subject of judicial appointments from the constitutional aspect. You will recall that the first recital in the British North America Act expressed the desire for a Federal Union into one Dominion with a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom. Unless, therefore, there are variations contained in the British North America Act (and there are many), we adopted the conventions and customs around which the constitution of the United Kingdom is built. Under one of those conventions the Crown appointed and still appoints the judges in the United Kingdom. The prerogative was exercised at the time of Confederation and is still exercised in a manner which differs from the practice followed in Canada. In Canada the judges are appointed by the Governor-General-in-Council, which in practice means Cabinet approval, whereas in the United Kingdom the Prime Minister advises upon the appointment of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, the Lord Justices of Appeal and Members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Prime Minister invariably seeks the advice of the Lord Chancellor before making his submission to the Sovereign over any of these appointments, but the matter is never referred to the Cabinet itself. The Lord Chancellor advises the Crown upon the appointment of High Court Judges. He does not, however, seek the PM's approval before making his submission nor are his recommendations referred to the Cabinet.



—Nott and Merrill

J. A. CLARK, Q.C.

I have made enquiries but have been unable to find an explanation for the practice of Cabinet consideration, which has led to all members of the Canadian Cabinet having an equal voice with the Minister of Justice in the selection of Judges.

Under Section 96 of the British North America Act and the Letters Patent creating the office of Governor-General it is clear that the Great Seal of Canada can be affixed to a Judge's Patent on the recommendation of the proper minister without the necessity of an Order-in-Council.

No section of the British North America Act suggests that an Order-in-Council is necessary in the appointment of Judges. On the other hand the Letters Patent creating the office of Governor-General expressly empower the Govenor-General to keep and use the Great Seal and to appoint the Judges. Obviously it was never intended that the matter should be passed upon by the Cabinet but rather that the appointment should be made on the advice of the appropriate Minister and that the Great Seal should thereupon be affixed to the Judge's Patent.

Now it may be that there was a law before Confederation requiring an Order-in-Council leading to the affixing of the Great Seal to a Judge's Patent, or generally, but if so I have not been able to find it and in any event it would be inconsistent with the provisions of Section 96 of the BNA Act.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that prior to and subsequent to the controversy relative to acts performed by the Governor-General as such and the Governor-General-in-Council, friend and foe collaborated upon appointments to the Bench. For example, Sir John Macdonald invited Robert Baldwin, a former Premier and a political opponent who had fought valiantly for the principles of Responsible Government, to accept the Chief Justiceship of Upper Canada. Years afterwards in 1868 he collaborated with Mr. Edward Blake, a formidable political opponent, and later Minister of Justice, relative to the general re-organization of the Bench in Ontario and in the following year he offered Mr. Blake the Chancellorship.

In those days it appears that it was generally recognized that the selection of a Judge requires special knowledge of judicial qualifications in the man who recommends and in fact controls the appointment, many points being weighed by an expert before reaching a conclusion.

It seems obvious that the convention in the United Kingdom of excluding those Ministers, whose direct concern had nothing to do with the law, from having an equal voice with the Lord Chancellor in the selection of Judges was designed to avoid discussions and possible disagreements within the Cabinet upon the political merits of different candidates for the judiciary.

As stated by Lord Schuster, former Secretary to the Lord Chancellor: "The Lord Chancellor alone is responsible for the advice which he gives to Her Majesty and he must expect, if he should make appointments from any other motive than a desire to get the best man, to incur criticism of informed professional opinion . . . There is a popular belief that service to the political party at the moment in power is a strong influence upon the advice tendered to the Crown. This is a profound error."

Lord Schuster's statement is borne out by the appointments made by the Labour Government between 1945 and 1951. Lord Jowitt appointed 25 out of 37 High Court Judges; only one was known to be a Socialist. The Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, appointed 17 persons to Judicial Office, none of these had ever had any connection with Socialism or the Labour Party.

The question arises whether if the Minister of Justice advised the Governor-General upon the appointment of the High Court and County Court Judges without reference to the Prime Minister or

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

THIS ARTICLE *is based on Brigadier General Clark's presidential address to the Canadian Bar Association meeting in Vancouver earlier this month.*

AMERICAN COACHES DOMINATE

Canadian Football: Whence and Whither?

by Kim McIlroy

CANADA'S contribution to Americans' enjoyment of their brisk Fall afternoons was pretty important. We gave them the game whose generic designation is "rugby football". They were playing soccer at the time and would probably still be playing it if the Harvards hadn't invited the McGills to have a match with them one day back in 1875.

Many Canadians feel that the Americans have reciprocated in dastardly fashion. Taking advantage of our sparse population, rather Old World attitude toward sports, and veneration of customs from across the border, they have sent us $20,000 quarterbacks, downfield blocking, and an aggressive football professionalism.

No one can say for certain just when the change came in Canadian rugby. (We use the term "rugby" just to be stubbornly reactionary.) The most hidebound of the old-timers blame the introduction of the forward pass, yet few can deny that, used in moderation, it has improved the Canadian game.

Others hold that the wholesale importation of American college players, and later professional players, is responsible. Perhaps so. Certainly if this country's football players were as well organized as, say, its bricklayers, Ottawa would have put a stop to the autumnal immigration in short order. Most discerning students of the game, however, are more apt to put their finger on an aspect of the situation which hasn't received the attention it deserves: the importation not of players but of coaches.

The adoption of the forward pass called, after all, merely for a modification of the rules. American players were coming to Canada—notably to Sarnia, where they were employed at bona fide workaday jobs—long before the rugby buck began to mean a dollar rather than a plunge at the line. But as more and more American mentors took over the direction of Canadian teams a distinctly new attitude came, and had to come, into the game.

Among Canada's sixteen senior rugby teams, precisely two have Canadian coaches. Not even in the ultra-respectable Eastern Intercollegiate league can a local boy be found making good. That these fourteen highly skilled and very businesslike men have brought improvement to the Canadian game cannot be denied, and will be discussed later. That they have brought changes which affect the very nature of the game cannot be denied either.

IT IS on the face of it an extraordinary thing that a coach, of all people, should be introduced cold to what is in effect an entirely new game to him. The first American coaches had either played Canadian rugby or served a year or two as an apprentice-assistant under a Canadian coach. The current trend is to bring in men who, until they see their charges playing it, have never witnessed the game they're coaching.

That these coaches should bring pressure to bear to have the rules of the unfamiliar game changed in the direction of the familiar one is understandable. That they should be permitted to have their way is possibly regrettable. The inevitable result, as every football man knows, is that before long Canadians will be playing (a few of them) and watching American football.

These imported coaches cost a lot of money. To win the games they are being paid to win, and to maintain their professional reputation, they insist on having good players who likewise cost a lot of money. One of the results is the fantastic leap of "amateur" Canadian rugby into the frenzied world of high finance.

It is not only in big things that the American coaches have had their influence. For decades Canadians were happy referring to the positions on their teams as "inside", "snap", "outside", and so on, but when the new coaches spoke to sports-writers of "tackles", "ends", and "fullbacks" the writers, not wanting to seem like rubes, faithfully used the new designations in their stories. The funny thing is that "inside", "middle", and "outside" make sense.

Whatever the reason, and for better or for worse, Canadian football has changed. It has become big business. A lot of people have never stopped to realize just how big. Consider that annual public exhibition, the Grey Cup game. The time was when the Dominion final attracted to Varsity Stadium a hard core of deep-dyed rugby enthusiasts willing to risk pneumonia and the chilblains to watch what was admittedly, due to weather conditions, apt to be the worst game of the season.

On at least two recent occasions the contest has been, from a connoisseur's point of view, a thing of horror. Yet thousands of people who wouldn't have known the difference if the boys had used a basketball fought to get tickets. More thousands will fight for the privilege this year. They're not quite sure what they're going to see, but they sure as heck want to see it.

THIS LUCRATIVE enthusiasm is no accident, nor is it due to the vast improvement in the quality of play, though that too is a fact. It has been built up by expert, excellent, and high-priced publicity, the culmination of the same publicity which is employed to beat up excitement over exhibition games and the regular season.

It is made necessary by the tremendous outlay that has to go into a modern big-time professional (though still amateur in name) rugby club. When Toronto Argonauts were rumored to be for sale early this year (an amateur team, outgrowth of a highly respectable rowing club, "for sale"!), the figure most often quoted was $250,000.

Two years ago one western club announced its gross operating expenses as $128,969.23 for the season. Last year, another paid out $129,434 in salaries and such alone.

Individual salaries can climb into extraordinary figures. Montreal quarterback George Ratterman received something over $20,000 in negotiables for his spectacularly inept work last year. Managers complain that even home-grown talent is demanding sums up to about half that. Clubs say fans demand better and better football and that they're pursuing the only course likely to produce it. What actually happened was that the four western cities which support senior clubs — Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, and Edmonton—long ago discovered that they were unable to compete on anything like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

—CP

OTTAWA Roughriders Coach Clem Crowe was a Notre Dame star, led Buffalo Bills 1946-1949.

—Miller

TRADE . . . British workers pack motor cycles for export with $U.S. as target.

—International

. . . AND DEFENCE: U.N. troops in Korea. Exports & arms are twin problems.

"WE DO NOT WISH ANYTHING TO HAPPEN . . ."

1953 and all GATT

by Michael Barkway

ALL THE MAJOR countries of the Commonwealth and the Western world will be among the 34 signatories of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade—commonly known as GATT—who meet in Geneva next week. Their mood will be one of anxiety, and their collective expression of it will be to avoid action. They will be like the Women of Canterbury in T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral":

We do not wish anything to happen.
Seven years we have lived quietly,
Succeeded in avoiding notice,
Living and partly living.
There have been oppression and luxury,
There have been poverty and licence,
There has been minor injustice.
Yet we have gone on living,
Living and partly living . . .

Everyone of the countries which signed GATT knows that a crisis is impending in its affairs. And everyone of them knows—like the Women of Canterbury—that it is not by their consultations and deliberations that the crisis can be solved or averted. That depends on remoter forces and bigger people.

Several of the items on the GATT agenda could blow up into major revisions of trade policy. But none of them will. This is not another tariff bargaining session. Canadian industries don't need to worry about new tariff changes. The Geneva meeting is to review the general development of affairs in the GATT tariff club.

The members will have to face the clear fact that the United States is still in default on its obligations. Last year they minced no words in condemning the U.S. for the quota restrictions on dairy products which stemmed from the infamous "Andresen amendment." They discussed retaliation, but took no formal action. This year they may discuss retaliation again. But when the chips are all down what good can it do in an election year? How can the GATT club discipline the United States Government when the United States Government itself cannot get Congress to honor its international obligations?

The members will have to review also the manifold import restrictions and discriminatory trade practices of soft-currency countries. They are all contrary to the spirit and objectives of GATT, but they are excused under an escape clause which permits them for urgent balance of payments reasons. If the GATT members were to eliminate all these artificial barriers, they would have to solve, amongst other things, the whole sterling problem. Either that or drive most of the soft-currency countries out of the club.

The members will also face a new application for membership. It comes from a difficult case—Japan. They may have to reach a decision on this; but it's very doubtful if anything definite will be done about any of the other tricky items. On the whole, the GATT members "do not wish anything to happen". They would rather go on "living and partly living" with the partial success and the "minor injustice" of the past years. Rather that than an upheaval which might bring disaster.

But the upheaval may come anyway. It threatens from two directions—from London and from Washington. And the deadline for action in both cases is not next month but the month after. In November the Commonwealth Prime Ministers will meet in London, and the people of the United States will elect a new President and Congress. Until these events are over, the future of GATT is highly precarious.

SOME outside observers accuse Canada of regarding GATT as though it were a sacrosanct document engraved on tablets of stone. They talk as though Canada demands an oath to follow "GATT, the whole of GATT and nothing but GATT". This is an exaggeration. Ottawa regards GATT as a leaky boat on a stormy lake. It's a long way from being ideal, but it's a very great deal better than no boat.

Even as it stands GATT is only a lifeboat from the big ship. It is the only relic of an ambitious plan for an International Trade Organization, which was scuppered by the United States. In 1951 the Truman Administration, which had been the chief exponent of ITO, backed down before its own Congress. The Congressional atmosphere was so protectionist that President Truman wouldn't even ask it to approve the ITO charter.

So GATT remains the only international instrument obligating the Western world to follow certain rules in trade policies. It forbids any increase in preferential margins. It forbids discrimination in trade (except where the "escape clauses" can be invoked). It insists that tariff concessions made to one member of the club shall apply to all. It provides periodical "bargaining bees" for the progressive reduction of tariff barriers.

Three rounds of tariff reductions have been accomplished. The first, at Geneva in 1947, included 23 countries. The second, at Annecy in 1949, included another ten. The third, at Torquay last year, brought some extensions to the earlier agreements; but perhaps more important was the undertaking to continue the Geneva and Annecy concessions until the beginning of 1954.

THE FAILURE of Torquay was that the United States failed to make any new bargains with Britain, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. It offered tariff reductions, but the *quid pro quo* demanded was a reduction of imperial preferences. These four countries of the Commonwealth did not think the U.S. concessions were worth it. They clung to their preference system, and came under some fire for it at home as well as abroad. Some observers began to think that imperial preferences would be the rock on which GATT's leaky boat might founder. They may yet be right. Others said this third attempt at a general round of tariff reductions would be the last, and they may be right too.

The next move lies with the Commonwealth countries. The officials' meeting which is to prepare the way for the Prime Ministers' November conference starts in London this week. Norman Robertson heads the Canadian delegation. In one sense Britain and the sterling countries of the Commonwealth face a clear choice: on the one hand GATT and the wide-open spaces; on the other hand the illusory snugness of sheltered Commonwealth markets. But for Canada there is no choice. Commonwealth markets cannot begin to offer a substitute for the United States market. We need both, and mean to try to keep both. But if we are driven to the choice, you have only to look at the trade figures to see which we would have to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

Parliamentary Library's "Operation Dryout"

What could have been a national calamity becomes a delicate problem in science making replacement necessary of only 100 books

by Paul A. Gardner

FOUR SILENT, snub-nosed sentinels stand duty night and day in the Library of Parliament, Ottawa, steadily sucking moisture through the air from the water-soaked floors and woodwork.

For nearly a month after the fire of August 4, these dehumidifiers absorbed about a ton of water every day, releasing it in a steady flow into pails placed behind them. They'll stand there until well on in October, and at least the one in the basement vaults will remain permanently to combat the inevitable dankness present in all but the winter months.

The fire, which broke out at 2 a.m. in the high-domed roof, 125 feet above the library's main floor, seemed to have been caused by a short circuit due to overloaded fuses. The overloading may have been due to the floodlights which light up the Parliament Buildings by night—some of their wiring was on that circuit.

Getting at the blaze was a tricky job for the Ottawa fire department, which had to arrange ladders vertically and horizontally outside, and run hose up the narrow circular staircase inside. Still, they got it extinguished so quickly that not one book was burned or even scorched. But the 200,000 gallons of water pouring in from sprinklers and fire hoses did an extensive job of dampening, wetting or soaking about 150,000 volumes.

Probably half of those will have to be rebound or replaced, thinks Robert M. Hamilton, assistant librarian of the Library of Parliament. The worst-damaged were those printed on clay-filled paper, which when wet not only sticks together but, on being pulled apart, yields up most of its print. Newspaper files, on the other hand, were easy to salvage, as wet newsprint comes apart without transferring the ink to the opposite page. The other 350,000 volumes will probably be removed as well, for a complete reconditioning of the shelves—all except 50,000 in a fireproof, waterproof room. Besides those the Library of Parliament has another 250,000 volumes deposited in other buildings—three quarters of a million altogether.

The library sent out a call for volunteers to help sort dry books from wet and prepare the latter for the drying process: placing them in piles with wax paper between them and bricks on top to squeeze some moisture out. Boy Scouts hauled in wagonloads of bricks and distributed them to the other workers, who included aides recruited from the YMCA and YWCA and totalled about 200 altogether.

Two long chutes were rigged up, and packages of books were slid down them from the upper reaches of the library. Then a conveyor belt carried them out the door, and they were removed to the Supreme Court Building and the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, both of which had space to lend.

NOBODY knew what drying method would work out best, but suggestions came in from all over. One woman urged them to press the Capital's beauty parlors into service, using their hair driers to do the drying-out job.

The first method actually tried was carefully removing the bindings and taking all the pages apart—first, oddly, dumping them into buckets of water so that the pages would cohere less tightly—then feeding the pages into a heated drum on an endless conveyor belt. Dried and pressed, they were re-collated and packaged to be rebound. This was laborious and slow, as were all the other methods tried except dielectric or microwave heating. That was fast all right, but *too* effective, in that it tended to scorch the book covers, and even burned holes in some, as well as making the glue run. It didn't harm the paper, just the bindings.

The other methods tried out—mostly by National Research Council's Low Temperature Laboratory, but one or two by the Department of Resources and Development's Forest Products Laboratory — were in kilns, ovens, deep-freeze units—where ice crystals swelled and warped the books and eventually froze them solid—vacuum jars, silica gel—which wrinkled the pages and warped the bindings—and by infra-red lamps, which took 24 hours or more to dry a single book.

In consultation with a dehumidification expert from Washington, the library heads and the Department of Public Works finally decided to purchase dehumidifiers—four large ones costing about $7,000 installed—and a pair of small ones; and a battery of 30 electric fans and blowers. Since then another 20 fans have been installed in the borrowed drying rooms.

As it was Friday after the Monday fire when this decision was reached, quick action was needed. Roy Soderlind and his son Roy Jr., Ottawa experts who had air-conditioned the House of Commons, the Prime Minister's office and the parliamentary stationery stores, were called in. They phoned suppliers in Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton before locating the required dehumidifiers—three-horse-power air-cooled condensing units made in Port Hope, Ont. Meanwhile their carpenters were building wooden frames for them. Next mid-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

FIRST STAGES in drying-out process. Michael Eustace, one of many volunteers, piled books with wax paper between them and used bricks to press out moisture. —Photos by Newton

DEHUMIDIFIERS are used to remove the moisture from the air. Miss F. Moore, a member of the Library staff states that the machines fill six buckets a day.

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Pick Judges on Merit

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

the Cabinet, would appointments be different from those made in the past? To my mind the answer is obvious. The Public and the Bar realizing that the judiciary is the most important group in our social structure would hold the Minister of Justice personally responsible for any appointment which had the appearance of a reward for party service and subject him to serious personal criticism. He escapes personal criticism now because each Minister has an equal right to express his opinion before an Order-in-Council is approved.

I am, of course, conscious that a series of Orders-in-Council commencing with May 1, 1896, have established the practice that the Prime Minister recommends the appointment of Chief Justices. Other Orders-in-Council carry the recommendation of the Minister of Justice. Despite these recommendations and particularly those of the Minister of Justice the voices of the other Ministers can still be heard. If that were not so, it would be useless to refer appointments to Council.

I am also conscious that the Supreme Court of Canada Act and the Exchequer Court Act require Orders-in-Council leading to the appointment of judges of those courts. Why this express distinction is made in the Supreme Court and Exchequer Court Acts from Section 96 of the British North America Act is not clear.

Over the years various suggestions have been made by the Bar that a formula be worked out to ensure that those best qualified for judicial appointments should be selected as vacancies occur.

The simple fact is that the present system is wrong. As put down by Dawson in "The Government of Canada," 1947, Page 484:

> "Party affiliations play a varied part; but they are not entirely absent from an appointment, and at times actually prevent the choice falling on those with more desirable qualities."

Canada has developed a bi-partisan foreign policy. A Civil Service Commission was created to eradicate political patronage. Does it therefore not seem an anomaly that the patronage system should remain in relation to the most solemn function of the Sovereign's representative as contemplated by Section 96 of the British North America Act and by the Letters Patent which created the office of Governor-General?

Summarizing, the theme of my remarks is that while we honor and revere our Judges we cannot subscribe to the method of appointment.

There are excellent reasons for following the United Kingdom practice, which existed prior to 1867, and still exists, a convention under which Chief Justices would be appointed on the advice of the Prime Minister, and certain other Judges on the advice of the Minister of Justice, without reference to the cabinet.

There is no good reason why the Minister of Agriculture, National Defence, and a dozen others should have an equal voice with the Minister of Justice in the appointment of Judges. If for example the Minister of Justice were confronted with a legal problem, which threatened the loss of his property or meant life and death to him, he would not turn to the Minister of Agriculture or the Minister of Trade and Commerce.

There is every good reason why the Minister of Justice should consult with Committees, as suggested by this Association in the Banff Resolution. The confidence of litigants, whose lives and property are at stake, is not heightened by the fact that the Judge appointed to adjudicate has rendered party service.

It is a sign of immaturity that we have not yet shaken off patronage in connection with appointments to the judiciary. The few exceptions only point up the general rule of not nominating men from a party not in office.

If by any chance I am wrong that the law does not require appointees to the Bench to be passed on by the Cabinet a very simple amendment will accomplish the purpose in mind. If I am right in my conclusion, all that is necessary is a simple announcement by the Government of the day, that henceforth it is proposed to adopt the practice inherited by us and followed in the United Kingdom for the past century or more. No abdication of Constitutional responsibility would be involved.

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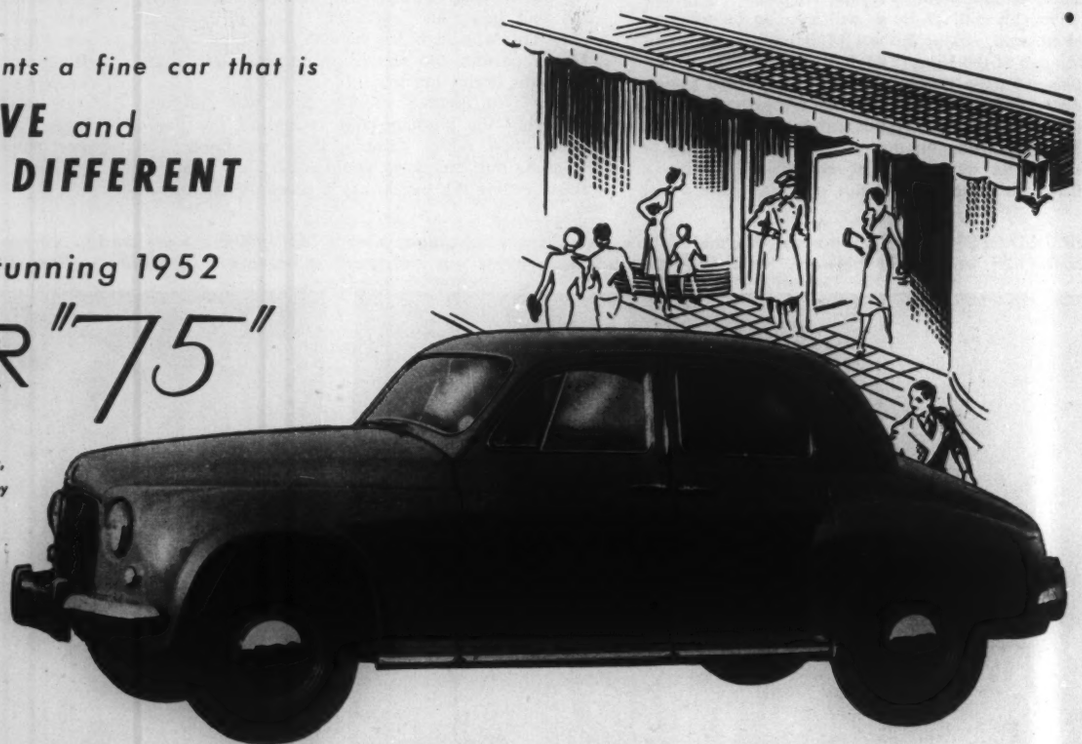

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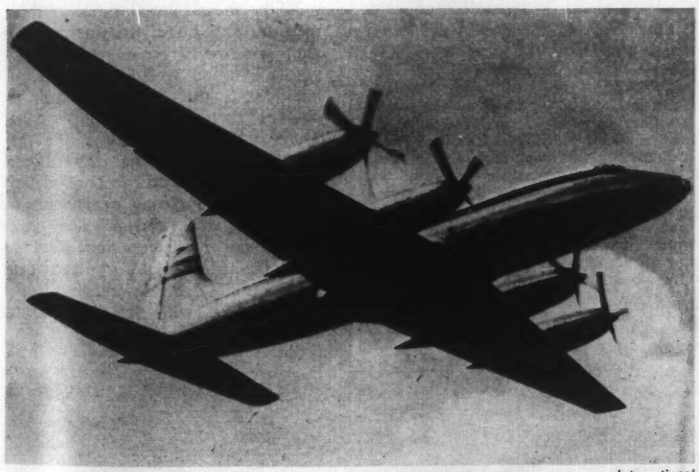
—Reuterphoto

BRITISH CHEERS speed the *Comet* on way to South Africa. This model must refuel every 1500 miles, bigger one is coming for Atlantic.

THE WORLD TODAY

British Hopes Ride the Comet

by Willson Woodside

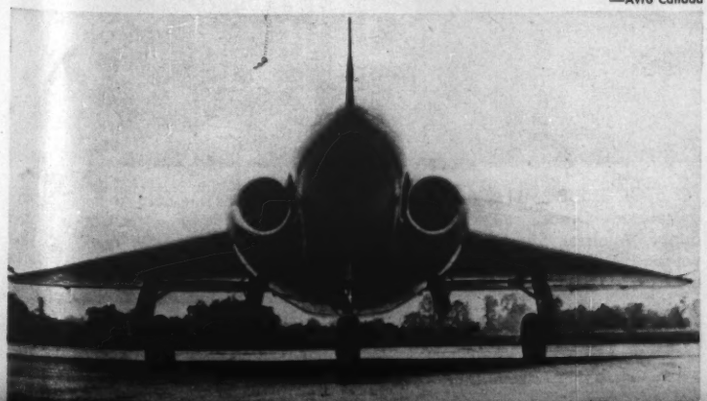


—International

"TURBO-PROP" Bristol *Britannia*, bigger, quieter and faster than present-day transatlantic planes, is in-between design with turbine engines driving propellers. The plane is designed to carry 104 passengers at close to 400 m.p.h.

NEWEST AND FASTEST of many fine British jets shown at Farnborough was this Gloster *Javelin* fighter, a twin-Sapphire-engined model with delta wing.

—Avro Canada



THE BRITISH have seen their empire, their power and their prestige shrink before their eyes so rapidly in the last half-dozen years that they are taking great pride out of their acknowledged world leadership in jet airliners. Notably, they have the *Comet* already flying passenger service to South Africa and Singapore, and set to invade New York for the run to Bahamas by Christmas.

But the hullabaloo surrounding Eddie Rickenbacker's visit to the Farnborough air show and his offer to buy up to 50 *Comets* if they can be delivered by a certain date has made the British public apprehensive lest their brilliant achievement be dissipated through slow production.

It is not only that the Rickenbacker order alone, for Eastern Air Lines, could amount to a fancy $150,000,000 at the estimated price of three million dollars apiece for the transatlantic *Comet III* (double the price of the current *Comet II*). The *Comet* has become the very symbol of the kind of manufactures on which *The Observer* declares Britain must concentrate to live.

Now someone comes along to buy a big lot of these jet transports, and the answer he gets is that they just can't be made that fast. Rickenbacker suggests, American-style, that the British ought to go to work at full speed, and holidays and Sundays as well, and reap the big dollar market that is awaiting them. De Havilland says: earliest delivery 1956.

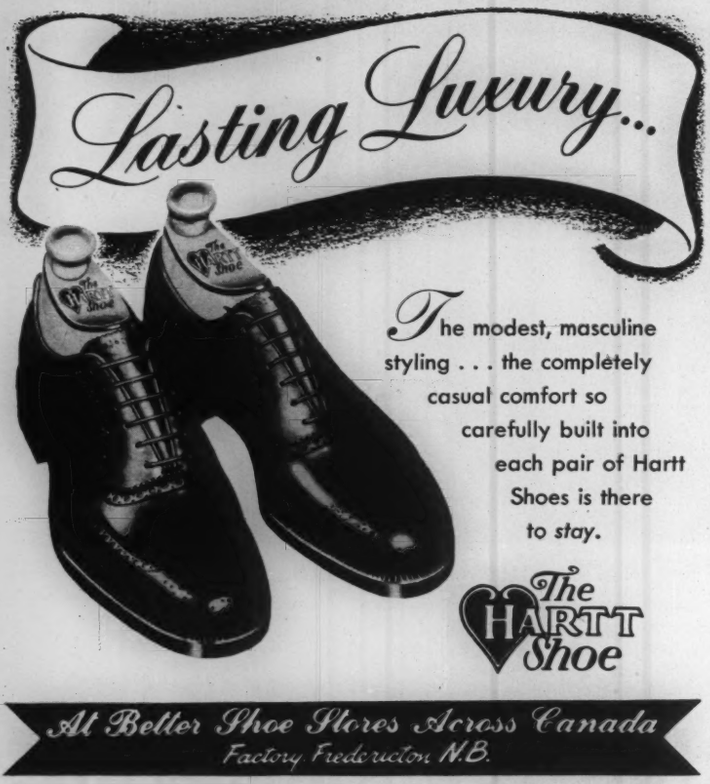
Is Britain going to miss the boat? This would be doubly bitter, as Britain missed the boat on post-war air transports by her self-sacrificing agreement to concentrate entirely on fighters and bombers during the war. Rickenbacker says that Britain once had a ten-year lead, still is ahead by seven years in jet airliners. Ernst Heinkel, a former enemy come to admire, puts the lead at about four years.

But it is hard to see that the British are to blame for what time has already been lost. They flew the *Comet* more than three years ago. It was one of those "natural" aircraft designs which had few "bugs" to iron out, and went quite soon into production.

The American airline operators, who now demand a miracle from de Havilland, could have ordered in 1949 or '50. But they were saying then that while the *Comet* was quite a nice job, it was small and of course with its fuel consumption it would operate at a loss. It has taken BOAC's actual experience in four months of operation on the London-Johannesburg run to change their minds.

A SATISFACTORY operating profit of $45,000 has been realized. With customers booked for a solid month ahead, there are no empty seats.

So the Americans have been lined up at de Havilland's all summer. TWA looked in first, then Pan-American, and now Eastern Airlines. They are all interested in the transatlantic *Comet III*, and want it right away. But *Comet III*, a much bigger plane intended to carry twice the *Comet II's* 36 passengers over twice the range, is only a design as yet. The prototype has to be built and tested, and the model then put into produc-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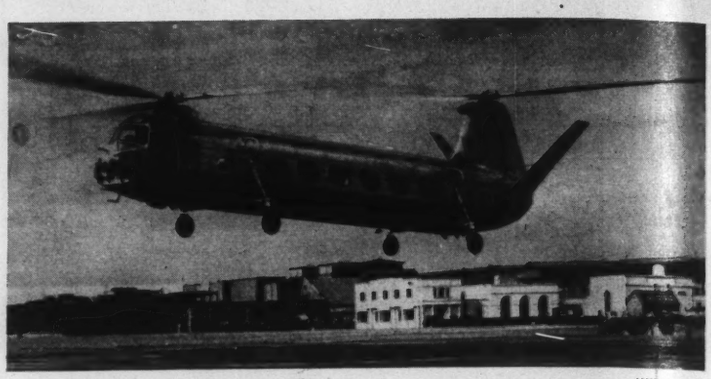

—Miller photos

FOR INTER-CITY HOPS, British now look to helicopters; for such service London has been testing out the South Bank Festival site. Shown is the Bristol 173, world's first twin-engined, twin-rotor 'copter, accommodating ten passengers.

tion. In response to Rickenbacker's demand for delivery in 1955, de Havilland's have given their proposed production schedule: upwards of 126 planes in the years 1956-57-58. American buyers could only have a share of these.

But by the last of those years the Americans may have their own, bigger jetliners in production. Boeing has announced that it will put $20,000,000 into a program to develop such a plane as soon as possible. With Boeing's experience in designing and building six- and eight-jet bombers, it is expected that a prototype jet transport can be flown by 1956, and be in production by 1958-59. The race is on.*

Overshadowed by the *Comet* publicity, another British plane has great possibilities as a transatlantic competitor. This is the Bristol *Britannia*, which will carry 105 passengers 4000 miles. It has one of the two great advantages of the *Comet*, the quiet of turbine engines, as against the vibration of the piston engines used in all other present-day transports.

The *Britannia*, like the much smaller Vickers *Viscount*, is a "turbo-prop" plane; that is it has turbine engines driving propellers. It hasn't the speed of the Comet, but at close to 400 miles an hour will still be considerably faster than the newest American transports, the Lockheed Super-Constellation (being ordered by Trans-Canada for 1953-54 delivery) and Douglas DC-6B and DC-7. *Viscount*, for which a fair number of orders have been taken for European runs, showed its exceptional safety by flying over Farnborough with three of its four engines shut off.

With these three models, small, medium and huge, Britain has a full shop window of goods wanted by the whole aviation world. Can she, will she, make the effort to stock the shelves behind the shop-window? Here is an opportunity and a challenge. There must be many Britons who will agree with the London *Daily Mail* that the nation must scrap the restrictive ideas and practices which have been prevalent since the war, open the throttle and go after jetliner production, "or deservedly lose a chance that will not be presented again."

*COMET I is powered by de Havilland Ghost jets, and is the model now in service. It cruises between 450 and 500 miles per hour. Both the RCAF and Canadian Pacific Airlines will receive at least one of these. COMET II is the same plane powered with Rolls-Royce Avons. Only the prototype is flying; production models are due next year. It will cruise up to 100 miles an hour faster, and is rated as more economical, so will go somewhat further between fuel stops—perhaps up to 2000 miles. COMET III is still under design, but the word is that it will have a powerful new Bristol engine.

TO STOP THE BOMBER, British count more and more on guided missiles such as this one (whose tail will burn out and drop off). Claims by Churchill and Supply Minister Sandys indicate successful "homing" device has been developed. With six British aircraft firms working on program, operational models are expected to go into production soon. This is "ground-to-air" type.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

choose, sentiment notwithstanding.

Even for the sterling countries the United Kingdom cannot now offer a market as dazzling as it seemed in the earlier years of the century. The world has expanded. Probably every country in the Commonwealth would prefer to sell to the United States, if only it could be assured that the United States market will be open. There lies the snag.

The one plausible argument for trying to revive a protected Commonwealth trading bloc is that profitable trade exchanges with the United States are not permanently possible. Desperate voices declare that U.S. policies are too uncertain, too unreliable, too shifting to provide the basis for a gamble on multilateral trade. From right-wing Tories and left-wing Laborites, and from many voices in Europe as well, comes the same nervous story: "They tell us to reduce trade barriers, but as soon as we start selling them anything they clamor to keep it out of their market". In such a mood of hopelessness even a restricted area of assured trade may appear better than gambling on a wider market whose doors may be slammed without notice at any minute.

CANADA'S ROLE must be to expose this counsel of despair. Our representatives will try to convince the British that the supposed shelter of protected trading blocs is pure illusion. There is no future in Commonwealth trade conducted behind artificial barriers. The sterling countries may suspect that Canada is preaching this doctrine merely out of our own necessity. But the wisest of them know that it is true.

If the uncertainty of U.S. policy provides one argument for the supporters of imperial preferences, it also provides a counter-argument on the other side. Whatever President the Americans elect in November, the future of U.S. trade policy will be hanging in the balance. The chance of getting anything like a tolerable continuation of the postwar move towards freer international trade might be destroyed if Commonwealth countries provided any sort of excuse.

In this connection it matters much less which President is elected than what sort of Congress is returned. The risk of an openly protectionist Congress will be serious whichever party comes in. It will probably be worse under the Republicans because they have even more of a high-tariff tradition. But the chances won't be very good either way.

Sir Wilmot Lewis, who was for many years *The Times* correspondent in Washington, used to comment on the absurdity of expecting any reasonable tariff policy from Congress. He would appear regularly in the bar of the National Press Club soon after five o'clock. He took one martini—never more, and circulated round the bar, answering any questions that were thrown at him. Again and again he used to say that the Congress was a body elected to represent special interests. He thought it ridiculous to ask them to lower tariffs in the gen-

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eral national interest. He might have been surprised, had he lived, to see how far the Congress has moved in these postwar years. But it remains a precarious business.

Canadian interests in all this leave only one course. Our stake in the sort of multilateral trading world which GATT is meant to assure is so great that we have to pursue it to the limit. We would like the Commonwealth to come more into line with GATT and use less of the escape clauses. We must fervently hope that the new U.S. Congress will at least preserve such advance as it has made, and we would like it to go further.

"We do not wish anything to happen". The GATT signatories at Geneva will sit tight in their leaky boat. But they'll keep a wary eye on two of the passengers in particular—the British and the Americans—who might easily upset the perilous craft before 1953 is very old.

The London watchmen used to cry "Three o'clock and all's well". Ottawa will be pleased, and even a little surprised, if it ever becomes possible to say "1953 and all GATT".

INSURANCE

Dollars and Per Cents

ACCORDING to the *Life Insurance Fact Book*, published every year by the U.S. Institute of Life Insurance, Canadians are a very insurance-minded people. At the end of 1951 Canadians owned $17.8 billion of life insurance, led the world in the ratio of life insurance in force to national income, held about two thirds of their total life insurance with Canadian companies, and bought $2.1 billion worth of new life insurance, and received benefit payments of $250 million during the year.

Premium payments by Canadian policyholders were close to $500 million in 1951—an increase of $100 million since 1948.

These are sizable statistics; they become more impressive, however, when they are set against the figures for previous years. That $17.8 billion in life insurance is 125 per cent more than ten years earlier — a gain that can't all be explained away as the result of rising prices, since it is more than double the percentage rise in the cost of living during the same period. And the increase hasn't been accomplished by a few rich men: at the end of last year there were about five million policy holders out of Canada's 14 million total population.

Of the 1951 purchases, 77 per cent was ordinary life, 14 per cent was group, and the balance industrial. Group life insurance ownership at $3 billion is double what it was just five years ago.

It's also noted that most of the $250 million paid out in benefits went to living policy holders. Living policy holders received 62 per cent of the $250 million while death benefits accounted for 38 per cent.

As in the U.S. the Life company investment in Government securities in Canada has declined since the end of World War II: it's about one-third less today than it was in 1946. In the same period, mortgages and industrial securities have assumed more importance in the portfolios of life companies.

Total assets of all Canadian life insurance companies reached the five billion dollar mark at the end of 1951. Nearly half the Canadian life assets were in bonds other than Canadian Government; 15 per cent were in the Government bonds; 21 per cent in mortgages, and 6 per cent in stocks.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

buried under snow, on ground that was sodden by endless weeks of fall rain. During the winter, most farmers wrote off their unharvested crop as a dead loss.

Spring brought the first miracle—six weeks of beautifully warm and dry weather. The combines went out. At first they got mired to the axles in mud. Then gradually a crust formed on the soil and soon the harvest was really underway, in April instead of September!

It was a spotty harvest. In some areas plagues of field mice had cut the yield from 40 bushels to the acre to 15. In such districts, combines dripped with blood as more mice than wheat were threshed. But over Saskatchewan and Alberta, a staggering volume of grain found its way to market. The farmers pocketed some $400 million they never expected to get. Then, hardly pausing for breath, they somehow managed to get 40 million acres of new crop planted.

The perverse gods of the weather, which had held back the rains in the spring, sent storm after storm across the land at the right time. With an abundance of sub-soil moisture to start the crops, these rains filled the heads at the critical period. With the second harvest of the year here, fabulous yield reports are coming in. From Saskatchewan come reports of fields going 40 and 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, in areas where 15 or 20 is a good crop. A Brandon farmer chortles over 115 bushels of oats to the acre while his cousins in southern Alberta gleefully take off 60 bushels of wheat. Over the three provinces, the wheat will average 25 bushels, oats 46 and barley 35 bushels to the acre.

THE IMPACT of this $2 billion crop on the Canadian economy would be terrific, if it hit in a concentrated form like a ton of bricks, for example. It won't, for this biggest crop on record creates in its wake the biggest headache on record for the producers.

The Wheat Board did a wonderful job in marketing last year's crop. It was damp and wet and tough. It required drying and the bulk of it was below regular milling grade. In the old days, this distress grain would have unhinged the market and would have returned the producer little more than harvesting costs. But the Wheat Board went out into the world and did a scouring job for customers for the off-grade stuff, at prices that were highly profitable to producers. At this moment, if the farmers were given a chance to vote on whether they loved or hated the Wheat Board, love would win by nine to one.

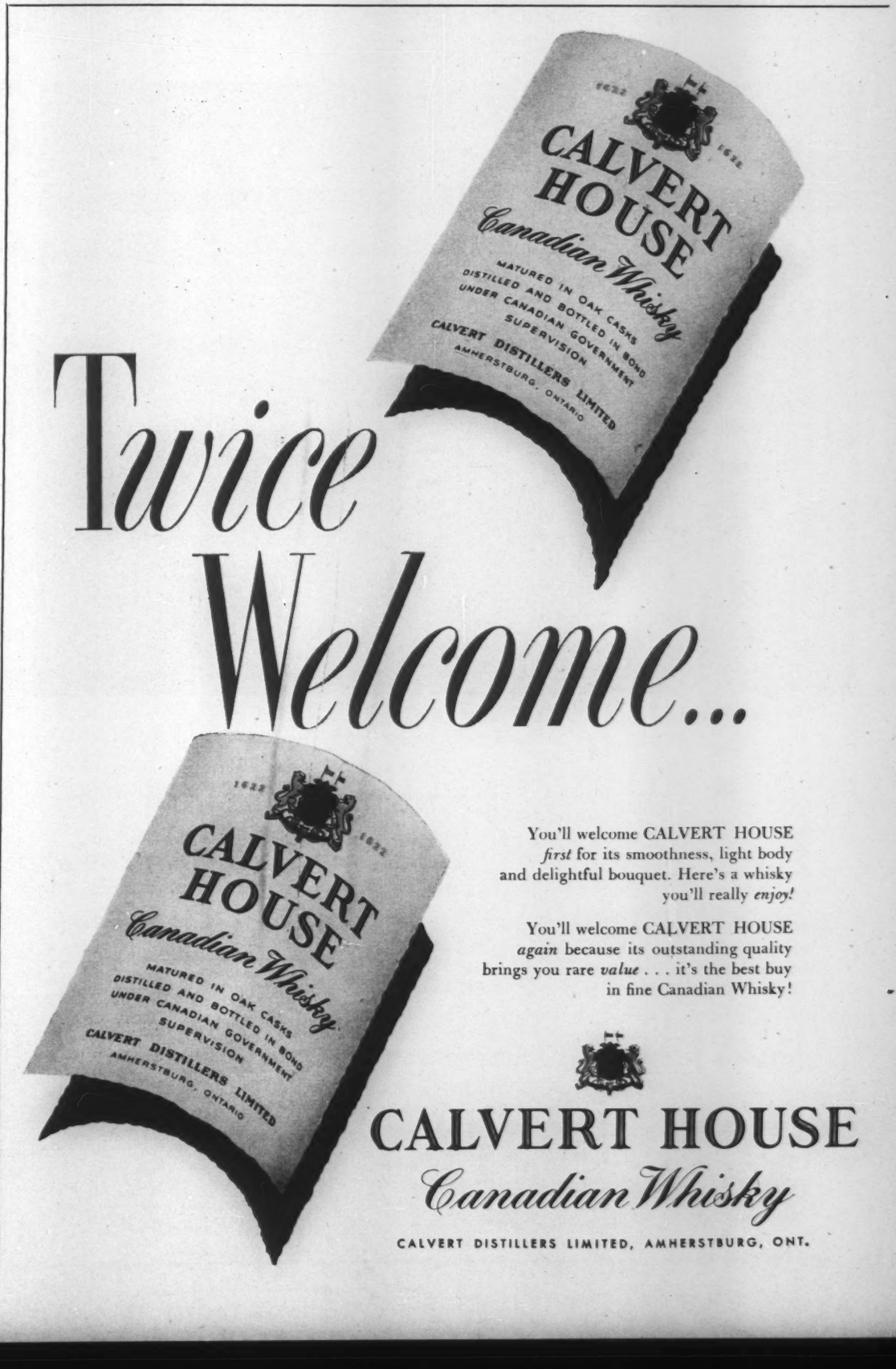
The fact that so much grain was delivered late this spring rather than last fall has, however, created a storage problem for the new crop. When the crop year ended on July 31, there were 405 million bushels of all grains in storage. That leaves less than 300 million bushels of space in which to store over a billion bushels of grain.

So the farmer threshing 50 bushels of wheat to the acre runs smack into the storage problem. He is allowed to deliver only 5 bushels to the acre to the elevator and has to find some place to pile the other 45. That some place will be in piles in his fields, in storage sheds on his farm, in empty farm houses in the neighborhood and even, in Saskatchewan, in the community skating and curling rink.

In Saskatchewan, the elevator companies are building 10 million bushels of annex capacity. All the lumber yards are advertising pre-cut packages of granaries. The Board of Grain Commissioners is marshalling all available box cars in which to move the grain. Eastern manufacturers who bump into box car shortages this fall will know where their troubles lie—out on the Prairie.

The storage problem will eventually sort itself out. Experience in the last couple of years has shown that there is remarkably little loss of either grade or quantity in wheat piled in the open fields. Here the prairie farmer's genius for improvising has come into play. It has been discovered that snow fencing is a perfect raw material for building grain bins. A roll of tar paper is laid out on the ground. It is covered with a layer of building paper. A snow fence erected in a circle around it makes a good tight crib for several thousand bushels of wheat.

Harvesting so great a crop puts a strain on any farmer's finances. Sure, he can get his oil on credit. But labor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has to be paid in cash. Well stocked as they are with machinery, western farmers still had to lay out millions for new equipment this fall. The spring harvest took its toll in breakdowns and repairs of equipment. A farmer who hired a combine crew to thresh his 300 acre field of wheat, must round up enough trucks to keep the hopper on the combine empty or the machine stops. More trucks are needed for a 50 acre crop than for a 15 acre crop. With everybody short of trucks there is only one choice left: go and buy some more trucks.

What with? And how much can you safely lay out for trucks and still be sure of eating this winter? Wheat in an elevator is money in the bank, but wheat piled in the field is just wheat piled in a field. Last year the farmers' fields were full of frozen wheat. This year they'll be full of frozen assets. Already, from Saskatchewan, demands are arising in farm organizations for Government assistance by loans on farm stored grain. Without something like this, many farmers will be in a bad way.

Happily, however, the long-term outlook is good. In the old days, a crop like this, coming on top of a heavy crop last year, would have spelled ruin for prairie agriculture. The price of wheat would inevitably have collapsed, as it did eventually following the huge 1928 crop. This year, the farmers knew before they planted their crop that regardless of whether it would be big or small, they'd get a fair price for it—$1.40 a bushel initial payment from the Wheat Board.

But will the Wheat Board be able to sell this crop at a profit? That depends, to a substantial extent, on the U.S. In recent years it has advanced dollars under its foreign aid program to enable Britain and other dollar short customers of Canada to buy Canadian wheat. It was this great flow of gift dollars that enabled Canada to market its grain. This year the U.S. harvested the biggest wheat crop in history. It will have wheat of its own to sell, or give away. A good deal will depend on what happens in the November election. A continuation of foreign aid dollars for Canadian wheat will put Canada in the clear. If the flow is stopped, the problem of financing the sale of almost $1 billion worth of wheat will engulf Ottawa.

UNTIL the financial problem is solved, the physical problem of moving the grain will remain. Ultimately, the grain now piled in the fields has to move onto somebody's dinner table. Right now, however, you won't find many farmers in the west taking time out to worry about any of this. Their thinking is running on the line of what to do with the money, if, as and when they get it. A very great deal of it will go for ordinary consumers' goods, for winter clothing that they didn't buy last fall because they didn't get the crop off.

In Manitoba, rural electrification is going ahead at a great rate. There has also been quite a boom there in the last few years in farm home construction. This crop should step up the demand in Manitoba for such home capital goods as refrigerators, stoves, washers, etc.

Your average farmer would rather go broke raising a bumper crop than get rich off a crop failure of somebody else. The beginning and the end of a farmer's life is production. Growing a whopping crop has a profound effect on a farmer's soul that is totally unrelated to the cash income it will bring. And there is something about wrestling with the problems of a bumper crop that gives him a tremendous lift. It's been a truly miracle year. The big crop of last year survived only by a miracle. Only a weather miracle that hasn't happened before in 20 years enabled it to be harvested. Then there was the summer miracle that gave almost everybody a crop bigger than they had ever raised before. It was topped by beautiful harvesting weather.

Even the livestock men, who have an up-and-coming crisis on their hands because foot-and-mouth disease closed their lucrative American market, are surprisingly placid. Prices may skid, a lot of them may lose a lot of money. But they raised a wonderful calf crop. And wherever they look they can see piles of hay and a bumper harvest of oats cut green for feed. When a livestock man can see next year's feed safely stacked, a small matter like going broke if the price of beef collapses will concern him very little. With him, too, it's the crop that counts; and the west has never counted a crop like this before.

"JACK PINE", *from the painting for the pulp and paper industry by A. Y. Jackson, C.M.G., LL.D.*

Jack pine, varying from stateliness to stunted forms, is used for kraft pulp.

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Canadian Football Outlook

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

even terms with the East if they depended on native talent.

Their Grey Cup representatives annually absorbed pastings. The prairies were long on money, if short on football material. The only solution was to import.

That's where it started. Where it is going to end no one can say. The result today is football better than that played by United States colleges, almost as good as the U.S. professional best. It is outright professionalism in the top brackets of Canadian rugby, with the attendant evils of ironclad contracts and the viewing of the player as a financial asset rather than a person. For example, two players, Bob Westlake and Ralph Toohy, this season transferred between football cities for business reasons. The clubs that "owned" both refused to let them play in their new homes. Attitudes like that are business, not sport.

A final result has been a painfully obvious decline in spectator interest in Canadian teams. The Ontario Rugby Football Union, which won the Grey Cup as recently as 1943, permits four imports, but some of its clubs such as Sarnia import none. Ten years ago it attracted crowds equal to those which went to see the Big Four and Western teams in action. Last year, some of its games were witnessed by fewer than 500 people.

The fans have the idea that unless Americans are playing, it can't be much good. What effect this attitude will have on the future development of Canadian players no one likes to say. Nonetheless, stadia right across the country have been enlarged, and even so tickets are in short supply.

THE West, and especially Saskatchewan, has gone football-crazy to an extent that bewilders the effete East. A good but by no means great quarterback, Glenn Dobbs, is No. 1 citizen of Regina. Attendance at Roughrider games last season was almost twice the city's population. Grown people, sane adults, drive around with improvised licence plates reading: "Dobberville, Sask." Fund-raising dinners and schemes of all kinds find eagerly receptive audiences. Newspapers bring out special football editions. It's a kind of hysteria which hockey has never managed to create.

All of this will undoubtedly, as its sponsors insist, give Canada this year its greatest season to date. The portents have been inescapable. Winnipeg Blue Bombers played to packed houses in a winning tour of Ottawa, Hamilton, and Toronto. Montreal Alouettes did the same in a losing tour of Calgary and Edmonton.

All the clubs are "stronger", in that they have picked up the very best professional talent that was available across the border, sometimes outbidding National League teams to do it. All had in the early season more than their quota of eight imports (Winnipeg carried fifteen on the eastern trip) and deplored the necessity for cutting the surplus. Unlimited importation is just around the corner.

The West feels that this is The Year, and the results of the exhibition games tend to verify the feeling. Many think that "it would be a good thing for football" if the West took the Grey Cup. If it did nothing else, it would tend to justify the growing emphasis on the game in the prairies, and by reflection in the east as well.

A few people, however, are worried by the whole thing. To them, the sponsors of big time football in this country are blowing up a balloon. Football fans in the United States, with a population of 150 million, found it impossible to support two six-team professional leagues. Canada, with one-tenth the population, is supporting two four-team leagues on almost the same financial basis.

The worry-warts think that the support is artificial and that sooner or later the balloon is going to burst. A succession of rainy week-ends could do it. So could a major scandal. (An early season near-scandal in the west had club officials in a fine tizzy.)

The average fan, however, isn't worrying. A spectacle has been created for him and he loves it. He's convinced that he's seeing the best football yet, and all he wants is for it to get bigger and better, with bigger names and bigger stadia and more space in the papers. What he wants to know is: where can he get a couple of Grey Cup tickets?

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WILLISTON BASIN

No Threat to Alberta Oil

by P. M. Richards

IT'S ONLY a little while since the discovery of big oil deposits in Alberta (beginning with the bringing-in of Leduc in February, 1947) made the hottest business news on this continent in many a year. But now Alberta oil has a rival in popular interest. This is the Williston Basin oil field, about three-quarters of which is located in North Dakota and Montana and one-quarter in Manitoba—the extreme southwest corner—and Saskatchewan. The responsible *Oil and Gas Journal* of Tulsa, Oklahoma, hails the Williston Basin as "today's most exciting oil province."

What is development of this field likely to mean to Canada? Will its production (so far, almost all in the U.S., though the Canadian portion is believed to have good potentialities too) compete with production from the oil fields of Alberta, and if so, will that competition be detrimental to Alberta and perhaps result in slowing down the rate of capital investment in Alberta oil development?

The answer, it seems, is that it will compete, but that Alberta oil will be able to survive the competition quite successfully, by adjustment to the new facts of the situation.

Colin A. Campbell, prominent Canadian mining and oil engineer and President and Managing Director of Consolidated Cordasun Oils Ltd., says: "Development of the Williston Basin will, I believe, curtail the sales of Alberta oil in the United States," which is significant because Alberta's oil producers—faced with high costs of transportation to the more distant Eastern Canada markets — would greatly like to sell more of their product in the near-by United States.

But then Campbell adds: "I do not think the Williston Basin will be seriously detrimental to Alberta oil." The explanation of this seeming inconsistency is this: Campbell believes that Alberta oil will eventually find markets in Eastern Canada sufficient to offset any lack or inadequacy of markets in the U.S.

In passing, it might be noted that Campbell's view should be reasonably impartial, since his Consolidated Cordasun Oils operates on both of the border, having interests in Texas and Williston Basin itself as well as in the Redwater, Leduc, Campbell, Stettler and Del Bonita fields in Canada.

ONE OF Alberta oil's most logical markets was the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. But this is practically next door to Williston Basin. With import duties and a 3½ per cent discount on U.S. funds plus the heavier freight costs, Alberta oil is under a big handicap there.

And Williston Basin producers are already looking farther afield—particularly toward the West Coast where Canadian oil men are also gazing earnestly.

Before the end of next year Canada will have the new Trans-Mountain pipeline in operation between Alberta and Vancouver. It will be carrying oil to the coast well ahead of any pipeline that could be built from Williston Basin. But the Trans-Mountain line, to be an economic success, must also supply the Seattle area. There, if and when a pipeline from Williston Basin is built, the production and delivery costs of the Canadian oil will have to be sufficiently below those of Williston Basin crude to cover the import tax. Campbell is not very optimistic about this, and concludes that "the shipment of Alberta oil to the United States is of doubtful value."

But he is more cheerful about Canadian marketing prospects. He points out that Ontario and Quebec are the largest consumers of oil in Canada and consequently are logical outlets for oil from the Alberta fields. There is no question, Campbell says, that as refinery capacity is further increased, Alberta oil will be shipped by other pipelines besides the Edmonton-Great Lakes one to Ontario and that this province will consume a large and increasing part of Alberta's production.

Real economic difficulties for Alberta oil only arise as it moves eastward into Quebec. Much of the oil

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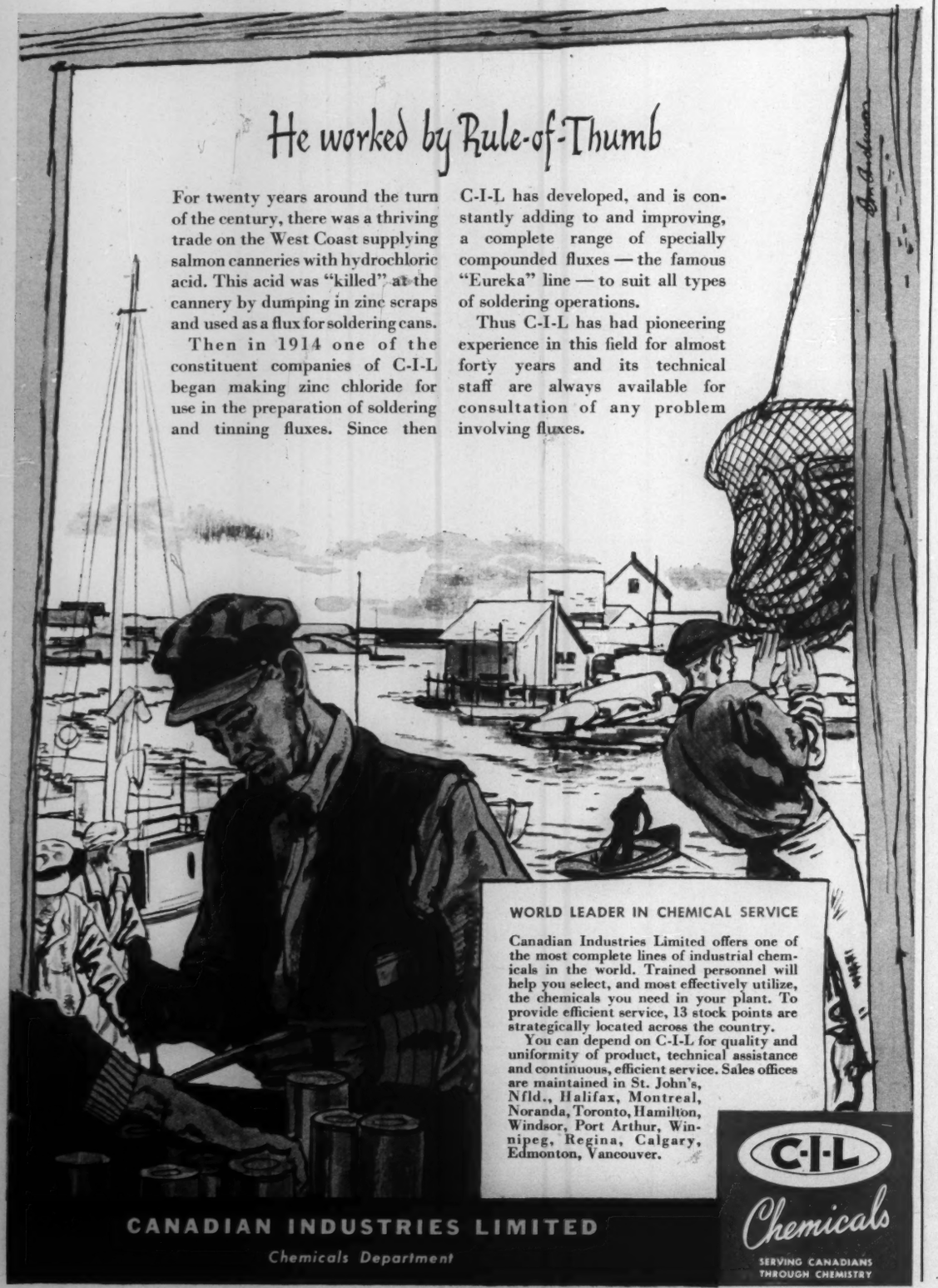
He worked by Rule-of-Thumb
For twenty years around the turn of the century, there was a thriving trade on the West Coast supplying salmon canneries with hydrochloric acid. This acid was "killed" at the cannery by dumping in zinc scraps and used as a flux for soldering cans.
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Mr. Grant E. Cole, Executive Vice-President and General Manager of Trane Company of Canada Limited announces the appointment of Edwin C. Phillips as Assistant to the General Manager. Before joining Trane, Mr. Phillips held similar executive responsibilities with Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto. *

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DIVIDEND NO. 263

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per share, plus an EXTRA FIVE CENTS per share, on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1952 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST day of NOVEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1952. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

JAMES STEWART, General Manager

Toronto, 5th September 1952

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

"PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 25"

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending September 30, 1952, payable October 20, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business on September 30, 1952.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S., Secretary.

BUSINESS COMMENT

U.S. Forecasts Won't Fit

by Michael Young

IF BUSINESS trends in Canada are still no more than a reflection of trends in the United States, the outlook for Canadian business seems to be one of increasing activity for the next nine months followed by a downturn early in 1954. But a million-dollar question for Canadian business today is whether the cycle in this country still mirrors the one in the United States.

With the United States occupying the dominant position in our international trade picture, it's obvious that fluctuations there are going to be reflected in the Canadian economy. But at the same time it's dangerous oversimplification to assume that the dramatic change that has come over the Canadian economy during the postwar period has not changed its position *vis-a-vis* the U.S. economy. The answer to the million-dollar question, then, is one of degree: if there is a slump in the U.S. in 1953, or 1954, does it follow the one in Canada, will be of comparable size?

What makes it dangerous to rely on the traditional analysis which shows that U.S. trends are mirrored in Canada is the fact that the Canadian economy has become preoccupied with its own growth, and the vital factors in that, while influenced by U.S. trends, are basically independent of them. Take just one aspect of Canadian development: power.

According to a pamphlet put out by the Advertising Council, Inc., in New York, 50 years ago more than half the work in America was done by animals and men, but by 1950, animals and men together supplied only 6 per cent of the work energy of the U.S. Power-driven machines had taken over the remaining 94 per cent. The U.S. has now reached the stage where new hydro developments are difficult to come by. (See page 24.)

The role of power in the Canadian economy is probably proportionately as great as it is in the U.S., but in Canada there is need for new power development and, what is just as important, sites which lend themselves to it. Our projected population growth is six million in the next 20 years—under these circumstances, if power is to continue to supply 94 per cent of our work energy, the power potential of Canada must continue to be developed, providing jobs and income for the country.

No Threat

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

refined at Montreal is lower-cost Venezuela oil.

"The fact is that because of the heavy freight charges, Alberta oil simply cannot compete in price with Venezuela oil at the present time," Campbell says. "It's true that when the St. Lawrence Seaway is completed, it will be possible for tankers to carry Alberta oil from Superior direct to Montreal. But even with that saving, I doubt that Alberta oil will be able to compete with Venezuela oil to any great extent, since lake transport through canal locks will necessarily cost more than open-sea transport."

Campbell adds it up like this: "The growing Western and Ontario markets and the possibility as well of a market in Montreal should the Venezuela supply fail should be sufficient to take care of all the oil produced in the Western Canada fields. Williston Basin won't lessen the importance of Alberta oil production or slow down the rate of capital investment there."

"THE COLT"

by

Hsu Pi-Hung

If you derive a certain aesthetic excitement in looking at the picture, which is considered one of the most beautiful and famous paintings of a horse drawn this century, you will experience ten times the satisfaction in looking at the full-size print (1 ft. 4" x 2 ft. 6")—almost indistinguishable from the original masterpiece—which we will send you by return AIR-MAIL.

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B-332

U.S. BUSINESS

Aluminum's Power Problem

by R. L. Hoadley

SHORTAGES of water power in the northwestern U.S. point up once more the continuing dependence of the States on Canadian aluminum. Twice in ten years the United States has been caught desperately short of aluminum. With that in mind, the power situation already has caused some anxious moments in Washington. The domestic aluminum producers, however reluctantly, admit that the lack of power will cut the anticipated aluminum supply in the last four months of 1952 by a minimum of 12 per cent. Already 10 million pounds of production have been lost and the total through December may mount to 120 million pounds.

Defence officials had planned to divert a substantial amount of current production in the fourth quarter to the national aluminum stockpiles. Now it appears that the stockpile program must once more be "placed on ice", temporarily at least. In fact, representatives of the big three domestic aluminum producers have advised the Government that stockpiling should wait. They warn of the power shortage and cite continuing heavy demands for current metal output.

This looming power shortage means that defence officials must face up to the stockpiling issue at long last. Will a long-term program for supplementing the stockpile with Canadian metal be adopted or will there be another round of plant expansions in the domestic industry, or will both alternatives be followed? A domestic expansion program totalling as much as 360 million pounds of additional capacity has been readied to help meet stockpile goals. Meanwhile, "uninterrupted power"—available only when water conditions permit—will be completely shut off late this month.

Not Jet-Propelled

TWO LARGE AIRLINES have publicly announced their intention to purchase commercial jet airliners from the company—British or American—that can promise the earliest delivery. With much fanfare Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, head of Eastern Air Lines, paid a visit to deHavilland's plant in Britain for the "purpose" of purchasing 50 *Comet* planes at a cost of around $100 million.

The former World War I ace came home empty handed. He was offered a fleet of jets in late 1957 or 1958, but he hopes to make a deal for earlier deliveries before signing on the dotted line with a jet maker.

Meanwhile, George T. Baker, head of National Airlines departed for England to make his third inspection of British jet airliners. Said Baker, whose concern is the fifth largest U.S. airline, National will go ahead with jet purchases "if the time is ready".

Two months ago officials of Pan American World Airways were in London discussing possible purchases with deHavilland. Rickenbacker has three months in which to consider a deal on the *Comet*. Important to Eastern is the competitive advantage of getting into jets first in the U.S. Rickenbacker has had some consultations with American jet producers but "nothing definite" has come from the discussions.

PLAN OR PERISH

South Africa Saves the Soil

by John Worrall

ANNOUNCEMENT of an intensive "save the soil" campaign in S. Africa followed grave predictions by one of the world's foremost experts on soil conservation, C. R. J. Van Rensburg, who is a South African.

Mr. Van Rensburg, giving what he called his "last warning to the country" foretold unprecedented food shortages in South Africa.

"We are facing famine," he said, "there is no other word for it. There will soon be shortages of maize, wheat and dairy products. Housewives will queue as never before and prices will rise steeply."

Another expert, T. C. Robertson, Manager of the National Veld Trust, says that the people of South Africa are not even dimly aware that a grave food shortage faces them: the Karoo desert is growing, the corn belt becoming a dust bowl, and its soil structure breaking down.

Relentless facts bring the fear of famine closer. South Africa is fast outgrowing its food-producing capacity.

The Union used to be a food-exporting country. It is now hardly able to keep pace with the food demands of its own population.

Another expert said recently that South African farmers have had the benefit of increased mechanization, improved seed varieties and more technical advice from the Department of Agriculture, yet the yield per acre in the most important basic foods has not increased.

The fact is that South Africa is virtually living from hand-to-mouth. Crops are consumed as soon as they are produced, leaving no reserve for a bad season.

This year the corn crop—staple diet for millions of Africans—was not sufficient to meet the nation's needs. Corn is being imported.

Some agricultural experts put the

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Common Dividend No. 60

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on August 27th, 1952, a dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable October 1st, 1952, to shareholders of record September 15th, 1952. At the same meeting a special dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was also declared payable October 1st, 1952, to shareholders of record September 15th, 1952.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ontario,
September 5th, 1952.

"Certificate of Registry No. C1380 has been issued authorizing the Christiania General Insurance Company Limited Storebrand of Oslo, Norway, to transact in Canada the business of Inland Transportation Insurance and Personal Property Insurance, in addition to Fire Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only. V. R. Willemson has been appointed Chief Agent".

"Certificate of Registry No. C 1381 has been issued, authorizing The Great Lakes Reinsurance Company of Toronto, Canada, to transact the business of Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance and Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited Hail Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as insured under a policy of Fire Insurance, limited to the business of reinsurance only. V. R. Willemson has been appointed Chief Agent".

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blame for much of this on the farmer, who, they say, has adopted an attitude of complete dependence on the State, which he has left to take the initiative in soil improvement.

Only a small minority of farmers, they say, is prepared to forego big, quick profits to prevent soil exhaustion.

The most desperately exhausted soil areas in the Union are in the huge, overcrowded Native reserves, the Transkei, Ciskei and Zululand.

A Commission on the Socio-Economic Development of the Reserves has recently been sitting in Pretoria to collect evidence from experts in various fields.

Evidence shows that the expenditure of many thousands of pounds of money, and years of patient work, have utterly failed to improve the natives' agricultural standards. Cultivation is primitive in the extreme, stock has deteriorated and soil erosion is widespread.

But for imports from the rest of the Union and from abroad, the African inhabitants would starve.

It is beginning to be realized that the rehabilitation of the reserves has ceased to be purely a material problem. It is also a psychological problem—a problem of "human erosion, as well as soil erosion."

A lethargy has settled over these huge communities which have lost the desire to progress and are content to live in squalor and misery.

THE STARTLING fact was revealed by a Native Affairs Department expert that the average healthy male African living in the reserves contributes only something between 15 and 30 days' work a year towards the maintenance of his family.

But most healthy males go out of the reserves to work in the mines and in industry, leaving them inhabited mostly by women and children and old men.

There is an obvious need to inspire in Africans the desire to stay at home to work productively on the land and turn the reserves into healthy food-producing regions. To do this, trained groups of African social workers must be sent into the reserves to carry out a program of education and self-help. Experiments along these lines are being conducted successfully in some areas.

On the other hand the huge appetite of industry demands a continual stream of African labor which can only be obtained from the reserves and the High Commission Territories (Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland).

South Africa's problem is to satisfy both needs, so that the reserves can be made healthy and retain their manhood, and industry can secure the labor it needs.

No South African Government has yet supplied an answer to the problem. But if these great native areas, covering more than 34 million acres and maintaining a population of three million people, are to be saved from disaster and famine, nothing less than a vast rehabilitation scheme will have to be started, and started soon.

JOHN WORRALL *is an Observer Foreign News Service Correspondent.*

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BOOK REVIEWS

Steinbeck On Good & Evil

EAST OF EDEN—by John Steinbeck—*Macmillan—$4.95.*

by J. L. Charlesworth

AS AN experiment in blending fact with fiction, the new Steinbeck novel shows an advance in technique over the usual so-called historical novel, in which the fictional characters are inserted into well documented lives and events.

Mr. Steinbeck has taken his real characters from his own mother's family, the Hamiltons, but these people, while solid American citizens, are sufficiently unknown to the general public to permit an artistic latitude in presenting their portraits to the public. The reader is not conscious of any great incongruity when the story of the Trask family, who are fictional, is intertwined with that of the Hamiltons.

Both families are settled in Mr. Steinbeck's beloved Salinas Valley, in California, for most of the action of the tale, although the history of the Trasks begins in Connecticut in Civil War days. Adam Trask, the hero of the novel, comes to the west after inheriting a small fortune from his father, who apparently embezzled the money while acting as a professional lobbyist for veterans of the northern states. Shortly after he has bought a farm, his wife, Cathy, bears him twin sons and then deserts him for a more congenial life of sin. The boys are reared mainly by Lee, a philosophic Chinese servant, with some advice and assistance from Samuel Hamilton, the author's grandfather.

The story may be read as a gigantic allegory of the struggle between good and evil, with Lee and Samuel representing the forces of good and Cathy an incarnate devil. As a statement of Steinbeck's severely moral attitude to life and its problems, the book may be said to be a success. As a novel, it is uneven, as is perhaps inevitable when a writer tries to preach and tell a story at the same time.

The author is inclined to overwrite, a fault that he usually does not show in his shorter works. Adam has too many bricks hurled at him in the attempt to show development of his character, and Cathy is a little too bad to be true. Still, it is a readable book, not Steinbeck at his best, but better than many other contemporary best-sellers.

Today's Challenge

THE GREEN MAN—by Storm Jameson—*Macmillan—$3.50.*

by Rica Farquharson

THE DISTINGUISHED author, Storm Jameson, with "The Green Man" has turned out a fascinating, disturbing book: a work honestly presenting to-day's particular challenge with the age-old combatant forces, Good and Evil. Here, they are interpreted, often distorted through the eyes of an English upper-class family, fanatical, greedy, intellectual and destroying itself.

Focal person, in over seven hundred pages of action taking place between August 1930 and April 1947, is Andrew Daubney. Brilliant, fairly complex, Andrew, unlike most characters in the book, possesses charm enough to handle his Uncle Matthew's "Sucess Stable." These are the "Greats", necessary to Matthew Daubney's social climbing in his highly materialistic world. With the help of his incredible wife, Emmy, whom he loves with all his heart (and not only because she smoothes his way

—Tecla Walker

"FOUR SEASONS OF MANUELA"

with mistresses) he pursues important men and women essential to his vanity.

Andrew's father, Richard Daubney, is "going down", living as gentleman and scholar in his decayed county house; hugging to himself his enlightened anarchism, confounding his brother's enlightened opportunism; taking sacrifices from his incredible, rude, sadistic wife Nan.

Young men of Oxford, political figures, writers, artists, s t r e a m through the pages. There is much mental posturing: the soft "My Dear" technique of the masculine mental giants is just slightly less revolting than the almost universal cruelty and emotional immaturity of the women and graceless precocious children. One character says:

"There was something innocent in the cruelty with which he stripped people of their decent lies"—which applies too to the excitable children who have a "tearing wings off flies" approach to the problems with which they have been burdened by their elders.

The War forces Andrew to stand back and take a look at himself: decide which of two factions should be the stronger: that responding with devotion to his friend, Robert Burney, or one blue-printed, in his boyhood, by his father; later, intimidated by his beautiful, brilliant, selfish writing wife.

Andrew arrives at his solution. Nothing really is settled. This penetrating author seems to know that settling is nothing; even in books that not only probe human hearts but delve into that which is commonplace and physical in humanity.

Liberator's Love

THE FOUR SEASONS OF MANUELA — by Victor W. Von Hagen—*McClelland & Stewart—$6.50.*

by John L. Watson

SIMON BOLIVAR, the liberator of South America, died in Santa Marta, Colombia, in 1830, unhonored and unsung—though by no means unremembered. A victim of post-revolutionary intrigues (as well as his own incredible temperament), he spent his last days in exile, coughing his life away, and far too weak to hear the angry shouts of his ungrateful compatriots. Long after his death he was resurrected; the legend was created, the new Bolivar manufactured—"El Liberator", a large-than-life-size effigy in concrete and marble that only dimly corresponded to the real man —perhaps the most prodigious American of his century.

During the course of the posthumous build-up, one aspect of Bolivar's life was ignored with calculating deliberateness—his long and tempestuous love affair with Manuela Saenz. In fact every reference to Manuela was ruthlessly expunged from the record by the careful historians, who preferred to have their hero remodelled in the image of Victorian propriety. Mr. Von Hagen's book is an attempt to re-create the fabulous personality of Manuela Saenz in the light of present-day objective scholarship and to assess its significance in Bolivar's life.

Manuela was the illegitimate daughter of a Spanish nobleman and an Ecuadorian gentlewoman. While still a student in a convent school, she was seduced by a notorious rake who introduced her to the rarefied pleasures of the great world. At 20 she married a wealthy English seacaptain, James Thorne, whom it appears she thoroughly detested; shortly afterwards she identified herself with the revolutionary movement and for her services was awarded the Peruvian Order of the Sun and an entree into the highest circles of the new republican society.

In 1822 she met Bolivar (she hit him in the face with a nosegay thrown from a balcony). They were introduced the same night at a great victory ball and slipped away before the night was done to begin the liaison that lasted for the remainder of the Liberator's short lifetime.

No fair-weather friend, Manuela followed her famous lover wherever he went, sharing his triumphs and his defeats, rode by his side through the mountains of Ecuador and Colombia, did what she could to console him when his dream of a great confederation of South America states

was brought to nothing by the intrigues of his rivals. After his death she was pitched out of society—whose members had been obliged to tolerate her out of respect, or fear, of her lover—and spent her declining days running a little tobacco shop in the dismal seaport of Paita.

Mr. Von Hagen's re-creation of Manuela Saenz, with its background of war and revolution, intrigue and violence, during the most colorful period of South American history, is one of the most engaging biographies of the year.

More Little World

DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK — by Giovanni Guareschi—*McLeod*—$4.00 .

by Melwyn Breen

READERS who followed the series of adventures, innocuously told, of Don Camillo in "The Little World of Don Camillo" will find the burly priest and his half-heartedly evil antagonists transferred to the new book with little alteration. Still on hand is the town mayor Peppone, the Communist, and the figure of Christ who carries on the dialogues that actually take place within Don Camillo's spirit.

The little episodes—they are hardly stories—that attest to the goodness, naïveté, and charm of the people of the Po Valley are flyweight but inoffensive. Guareschi's style is very often so arch as to fade right off the page and Don Camillo is the very model of a modern major domo of the spirit. It is hardly accurate to compare Guareschi with Thurber, as the book jacket does, since Thurber's realm is almost exclusively in the *id*, a realm that simply does not exist for Guareschi.

But no one could possibly object to the book on any grounds whatsoever; to the Don Camillo fans the pleasure lies in Guareschi's discovery of what seems an inexhaustible vein.

Men and Ships

SUBMARINE! — by Commander Edward L. Beach, USN—*Clarke, Irwin*—$4.50.

by Willson Woodside

YOU MAY FEEL, before you open the book, that "Submarine!" is "just another war story." But long before you lay it down you will have conceded it to be one of the most vividly written and gripping personal accounts of the war and a highly successfully effort to tell the story of a service which was wrapped in secrecy during hostilities.

You really go to sea with Commander Beach, hunt with him, dive, fire torpedoes, shudder under depth charge attack, escape by a hair's breadth from Jap pursuers, stalk Jap submarines in the dark. This is a whale of a story. Nothing else I have read has so given me the feeling of the very special kind of living and fighting that is submarining.

Beach survived twelve long wartime patrols in the Pacific (though the Japs claimed during that time to have sunk 468 U.S. subs)! His first ended in ignominy, stuck on a coral reef while the Battle of Midway was decided without him. Other early patrols left him and his fellows in a blind fury over defective torpedoes, which went off prematurely, failed to explode on contact, ran in circles or passed clean under the target ship, unexploded by their magnetic device. He tells of one sub skipper who coolly chose a Jap ship in a Philippines harbor on which to experiment with various types of torpedoes, taking pictures through the periscope to prove all these defects to a brass-bound headquarters.

"Submarine!" is more a story of such characters and such episodes than a history of the submarine war in the Pacific—which later saw U.S. subs equipped with radar and trackless electric torpedoes. Commander Beach has an intense feeling for the ships he served in, but an even stronger belief that it is the men who are most important in a navy, no matter how fine the ships.

Maritime Links

DEVON HARBOURS—by Vernon C. Boyle and Donald Payne—*Ryerson*—$3.75.

by William Sclater

THE PORTS of England's West Country, the harbours of Drake, Hawkins and many another great seaman of the past have many ties with the New World. Their sailors knew the Spanish Main and the banks of Newfoundland better than many of them knew their own backyards.

From them the *Mayflower* sailed to found the New England States and from there too the *Tory* sailed to colonize New Zealand. In World War II many a proud ship from Canada, sleek Tribal destroyers, frigates, corvettes and minesweepers lay to their moorings or went about their duties hard by the mighty *USS Augusta* and other ships of the USN in these same harbours.

Here is something of the history of Brixham and Bideford, Plymouth, Appledore, Barnstaple, Torquay and Ilfracombe; their ships, their mariners and their voyages near and far; something of Devon's ports, large and small as they are today against the background of the past. A fascinating book for the tourist or yachtsman who goes that way as it is for anyone with a drop of Devon in his veins.

Forgotten Friends

ODHAMS HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR—Vols. I & II—*Ryerson*—$7.50.

by R. A. Farquharson

WHEN a team of writers, no matter how able, are asked to cover all phases of the last war—both Atlantic and Pacific—in 700 pages, it is not surprising that the result is as dead as a Canadian school history. Everything of interest seems to have been crowded out. So "Odhams History of the Second World War" becomes one of those books one should never attempt to read but use only as a source of reference.

Its value, thus, to a great extent, depends upon the reliability of its index. Apparently the index suffered in the squeeze because to judge by it Canada had no Navy and no Air Force and only one General. Perhaps, if General Crerar reads the book, he will feel he might just as well not have been mentioned. "The build-up was to continue rapidly, with the First Canadian Army under General Crerar coming in on the left flank," is the sum total of the first of two references. The second is equally flattering: "General Crerar was accordingly instructed on 27 Sept. to press forward the operation of clearing the Scheldt approach."

Canada is twice noted in the index. Of Canada entering the war, there is this terse reference: ". . . the response, for example, of Canada and of the French Canadians confounding the pessimisms." The second reference is almost as illuminating: "In August a further bond was forged between the United States and the British Commonwealth by the formation of a Joint Defence Board set up by Canada and the U.S.A. to study sea, land and air defence problems in the northern half of the western Hemisphere."

After Chester Wilmot's magnificent "Struggle for Europe" the only justification this reviewer can see for Odhams History is that it covers all theatres of the war.

Highland Turmoil

LOBSTERS ON THE AGENDA — by Naomi Mitchison—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

by Hal Tracey

A BOOK about ordinary people isn't necessarily an ordinary book, and Naomi Mitchison has transcended the ordinary to make her characters symbolic as well as real.

Port Sonas, a Scottish fishing village, is divided on the question of a new Community Hall. Opposing forces line up—the traditionalists against those who desire a change, old against young, Established Church members against Free Presbyterians and Wee Frees.

Kate Snow, a district councillor, heads the fight for the new Community Hall. The Free Presbyterians form the hard core of resistance by the traditionalists. The issue is still unresolved at the novel's conclusion, but the revolution in the Scottish Highland way of life has become established, and the strength of the reactionary forces, by no means insignificant, has been clearly assessed. It may be a bloodless revolution, but it won't be an easy one, the author implies.

Naomi Mitchison writes herself in as a minor character who crosses the life of Kate Snow as a member of the Highland Panel that visits Port Sonas. She has managed to remain completely impersonal and objective about herself, while leaving no doubt that she is firmly aligned on the side of progress, yet sensitive to the traditions worth saving.

There are side issues—who stole the lobsters, will the hole in the harbor wall be fixed, did Fred Macfie really put a curse on a villager? But the author never loses sight of the main struggle between the old ways and the new, an age-old struggle that seems destined to last as long as mankind.

Around & Inside

ROBERT, NANA AND ME—by Naomi Jacob—*Ryerson*—$4.00.

by John Creed

NAOMI JACOB draws character sketches of three people—her maternal grandfather, Robert; her mother, Nana; and herself—and, as she admits, she comes off a poor third. Writing that is deft and full of interest when she is describing the other two members of the family becomes choppy, disconnected and full of clichés when she turns to her own life, except when she speaks of herself indirectly in connection with her mother.

How Robert Ellington Collinson won his first wife, Jenny, became a hotel manager fond of living beyond his income and of drinking port in spite of his gout, is an interesting story.

So is the story of his daughter, Nana, married to a German Jew she did not love, and whom she later divorced when he proved unfaithful to her. Naomi makes it quite plain that she never loved her father, and had very little to do with him.

Most of the material for this book must have been gained during long talks with her mother in Italy, just before her mother returned to England where she died. It has resulted in a detached and detailed description that makes an impersonal estimate of faults as well as virtues.

But when Miss Jacob (she was briefly and unsuccessfully married for a time) turns to her own life she loses her detachment. Perhaps she has exhausted the vein—she has already written several books of an autobiographical nature.

Writers & Writing

MARY LOWREY ROSS, speaking on "Problems of Canadian Writers" at the opening luncheon of the season at the Toronto Women's Press Club, gently deplored the lack of "flamboyancy" in Canadian books. She indicated that Canadians take pride in reticence. The Canadian "Equations of Love", she liked, as a book having originality and a readership appeal that transcended mere nationality. We suppose if writers can be naughty but nice and bouncy but genteel they will be a lot more entertaining and possibly much more able to penetrate into the machinery of human beings.

As Mary so aptly said: "We have a lot of scenery in Canada. It will be here for a long, long time—and it doesn't need any publicity."

■ *Old Men Department.* Cupid Counsel in *Canadian High News* recently received a query from a disturbed 'teenager whose first "steady" boy friend, after six months, had dated another girl while she was away. She never thought he would behave like that. She thought two-timing was terrible. What to do? Answer, in part, from MARY LOU DILWORTH, was:

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out to have a good time, and they take their fun where they can find it. They'll settle down sometime, but probably not 'til they're out of their teens.

"If you like going steady, then he's not the guy for you."

Mary Lou also warns against trying to "reform" this character; he must be accepted as he is or the break must be complete.

■ People often start out writing and end up talking in radio but JUNE DENNIS of the CBC started out in lip service and now she has a book. "A Mike for Marion" is strictly for youth. Jacket and sketches by Jean Rutherford Finch, complete clean, wholesome—Horatio Alger and own dear Jack Hambleton appeal.

After first twenty pages or so we happily became part of the June Dennis world. Apparently, she fictionized some of her own experiences as radio commentator and, for girls thinking of radio careers, there is practical advice, over-simplified. It may have happened to Marion but we're reasonably sure it will not keep on happening this way for all youth with radio or TV in their eyes.

June, daughter of John F. and Jessie C. Sweeting, was born in Calgary, moved to Winnipeg when five years old; in 1937 moved to Victoria. Her entry into radio was due to shortage of announcers and writers during the war. First effort was a speech over Station CJVI Victoria. Five years ago she became a commentator on CJBC, one of two CBC stations in Toronto. She has worked on a variety of programs; highlights, three appearances on broadcasts during Royal Visit.

June is married to Robert A. S. Munro.

■ Macmillan's "A Handbook For The Blind" by JULIET BINDT is called "the *first* factual guide for the blind." Certainly, it is the first book we have read that instructs both the blind and the seeing into methods that are mutually satisfactory.

Mrs. Bindt, as well as being blind, is president of the Berkeley Club, which belongs to the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Club. She leads a full life in the sense of having "food, shelter, love, entertainment and the opportunity to be creative." This book is intended primarily for the newly blinded, their families and friends and enters into all the detailed business of living from dressing, shopping, playing games, working, having a happy domestic life; the advantages and disadvantages of guide dogs, the use of Braille and the Moon alphabet and other sight substitutes.

Not the least useful feature of "A Handbook For the Blind" is insight it gives on how to be a help, rather than an embarrassing experience in our casual encounters with the blind.

■ LOIS REYNOLDS KERR, former Toronto newspaperwoman and playwright, now living in Vancouver, tells us she has joined a Creative Writing section of the University Women's Club where the members read and criticize their own stories. She finds it stimulating—and fun! —*Rica*

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PORTS OF CALL

Sea Air and Autumn Color

by Fred H. Phillips

FISHING GEAR MEANS A LIVING FROM THE SEA

NEW BRUNSWICK'S fall complexion presents a myriad of color unmatched anywhere—beauty in a class of its own. The province's annual October pageant of turning leaves, brought on when fall frosts tint the maple and birch with scarlet and gold, imparts a splendor that is almost ethereal.

The fall hues set the stage for the final act of a tourist season that provides the vacationist with just about everything. Recreation, history and romance, handicrafts, scenery, oddities, accommodation—and most of all, half a million citizens whose welcome is warm and as genuine as the trees and rivers that make New Brunswick the ideal vacation land.

The indescribable beauty of autumn foliage plus a zest for the crisp October weather has in late years given New Brunswick an additional six weeks on its erstwhile tourist season. Thousands of visitors to the province every year attest to this.

New Brunswick is the story of men from over the cold grey sea who carved a Province out of a grudging wilderness, husbanded the resources of a rugged land and then turned seaward again to build a foreign trade beyond the far horizons. The industrial life of the Province has been shaped by the resources of forest and soil and of the seas which wash her 600-mile coastline.

THERE'S a serenity about the rural countryside of New Brunswick that's infectious; the visitor will often catch it from a native population who believe in taking time to live. The everyday pursuits of the people add variety to a vacation spent in the Province and 1,200 miles of paved highway plus 11,000 miles of gravelled feeders make for pleasant motoring.

Jacques Cartier and his men, feeling their way along an unknown coast after a tortuous crossing of the cold Atlantic in 1533, entered at last a great bay where the waters were warm and sheltered and the golden sands steeped in the summer sun. They returned thanks for their deliverance from the uncharted seas and named their new-found haven Baie de Chaleur (Bay of Warmth).

The name is still applied to the great bay that washes the New Brunswick north coast. Vacations in this region turn largely about Youghal Beach and Chaleur Beach near Bathurst. There is a chain of spots reaching toward Campbellton — Jacquet River, New Mills, Charlo, Dalhousie —all bordering the beautiful Baie de Chaleur.

The New Brunswick east coast is populated largely by French Acadian folk. Across Northumberland Strait lies Prince Edward Island, sheltering the New Brunswick shoreline from the rough waters of the open Gulf.

Fundy resorts include stretches of fine sand on the Islands of Deer, Campobello and Grand Manan; the fashionable Algonquin Inn at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea with its famed golf courses; and the hard white sands of New River. East of Saint John are enchanting coves at St. Martins and Alma, quaint villages reminiscent of the great days of long lumber and wooden ships.

"Beautiful, large and extensive with many meadows and fine trees such as oaks, beeches, walnut trees and also wild grape vines"—that's how Ralleau, secretary to Samuel de Champlain and the Sieur de Monts on their voyage of discovery in 1604, characterized the noble River St. John.

THERE IS musical magic in the names of New Brunswick's great tidal rivers—the Restigouche, Upsalquitch, Nepisiguit, the Miramichi, Dungarvon, Sevogle and Cains, the Magaguadavic, St. Croix and Tobique. If a visitor has enjoyed one New Brunswick trip, his mind's eye can conjure up a rich imagery.

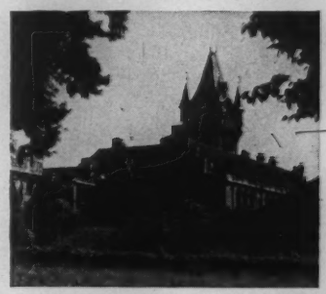
Commercial fisheries operate on a large scale in two areas—the Shippegan-Caraquet area in the northeast and the Fundy Isles off the southwest coast. The visitor to the Islands will be fascinated by the "weir" fishing operations. A weir is a circular pen built near the shore in shallow water to trap the fish at high tide. At Black's Harbor on the 'Quoddy shore is the largest sardine cannery in the British Empire. Principal varieties in the New Brunswick industry are lobsters, oysters, clams, sardines and herring.

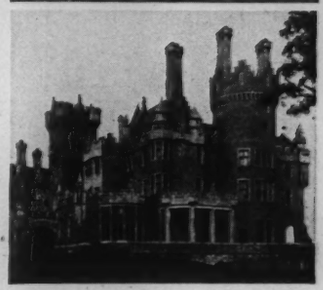
The romance of a great port by the grey sea broods amid the wharves and spires of old Saint John. The city is one of the two principal winter ports of Canada's Atlantic seaboard and the largest drydock in the British Empire is located at Courtenay Bay.

—Photos courtesy New Brunswick Government Information Bureau

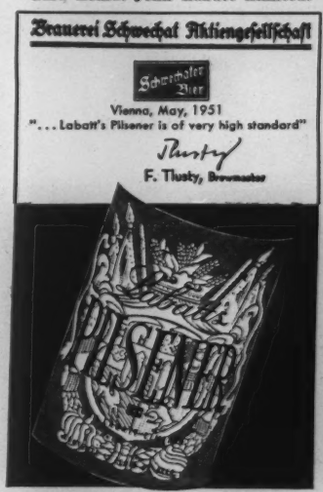
LOVELY VILLAGES HUG THE MIRAMICHI RIVER

Which Scene is in Canada?





BESIDE the Danube—where one of these castles stands—lies Schwechat. Here lager beer was first brewed. So Schwechat's brewmaster was invited to report on Labatt's new Pilsener Beer. His praise is echoed by thousands in Canada who prefer its light, dry sparkle . . . mellow old world smoothness. Try *Labatt's Pilsener, enjoy the clean flavour it leaves on your palate. Yes! The lower picture is Toronto's Casa Loma! John Labatt Limited.



*The swing is definitely to

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FILMS

Three Current Comedies

by Mary Lowrey Ross

IT IS fairly hard to get a spontaneous laugh out of the so-called Gay Nineties, actually an extraordinarily dull and flouncy era. By this time most of the comedy has been milked from a period so depressingly decorous that all legs, including table and piano legs, had to be draped to the floor. Even the faithfully duplicated interiors, with their branching chandeliers, ball-fringe chenille, and palms sprouting from circular plush settees, are too familiar by now to excite much interest or amusement. About the best thing that could be done with the Victorian period at this stage would be to sweep it away for the second time.

However if we must have the Nineties, it's at least a pleasure to watch Ray Bolger soaring above the period clutter. Dancer Bolger is both Charley and Charley's Aunt in "Where's Charley?", screen version of the Broadway musical comedy based on the ancient comedy. Looking more than ever like an immense and wildly agile grasshopper, he clowns and leaps his way through the wide-open spaces of the plot and occasionally abandoning the foolish old story completely, takes off into space, dancing, as he has always danced, like a man without a bone in his body. He even manages to be reasonably funny, as a period female impersonator in a wig and fichu and entangling black skirt.

Along with Dancer Bolger are Allyn McLerie as Charley's girl-friend, Robert Shackleton as his room-mate, and Horace Cooper, a hardworking comic of the old school, as an aging fortune-hunter, also of the old school. They all come from the Broadway musical, and all have the competence and pace of practised hands. On the whole "Where's Charley?" is an acceptable version of "Charley's Aunt", without proving any exception to the rule than no version of "Charley's Aunt" can ever be as hilarious as it sets out to be.

"THE PROMOTER", starring Alec Guinness, also has a period setting. It isn't however, strictly a period piece. Derived from Arnold Bennett's "The Card" it is an engaging character sketch of a born operator who would have been just as much at home on Bay or Wall Street as on any street in Author Bennett's Five Towns.

As a boy, its hero manipulates the figures on his examination record and gets himself sent to a "Gentleman's School", where he receives the treatment reserved by gentlemen for the son of a washerwoman. Unabashed, he emerges into the business world where he continues the manipulation of figures, first as a rent collector and then as the promoter of an expanding loan and credit scheme. In the end his ingenuity and cheekiness are rewarded with the right girl, the admiration of the beautiful Duchess of Chell (Valerie Hobson) and the mayoralty of the town.

The story is told in bland leisurely terms, which depend less on comic incident than on droll and lively handling of character. Once the hero (Alec Guinness) is dunked in the river, and once he and the Duchess are buried under a shower of vegetables from a costermonger's cart. Most of the time however "The Promoter" depends for its comedy on the mental ingenuity of its hero and on the constant dawning of new and more fruitful ideas in the face of Actor Guinness, which can express every degree of simplicity and craftiness.

Compared to Alec Guinness's preceding "The Man in the White Suit" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets", "The Promoter" is a relatively sober piece of work. It is wonderfully faithful, however, to Author Bennett's firm and lively sense of character, and while it won't convulse you it will give you a very agreeable hour and a half's entertainment.

THE FRENCH film "Jour de Fête" has so much the quality of a silent film, or a film recently converted to sound, that its oblique yet topical references to the U.S.A. sound oddly anachronistic.

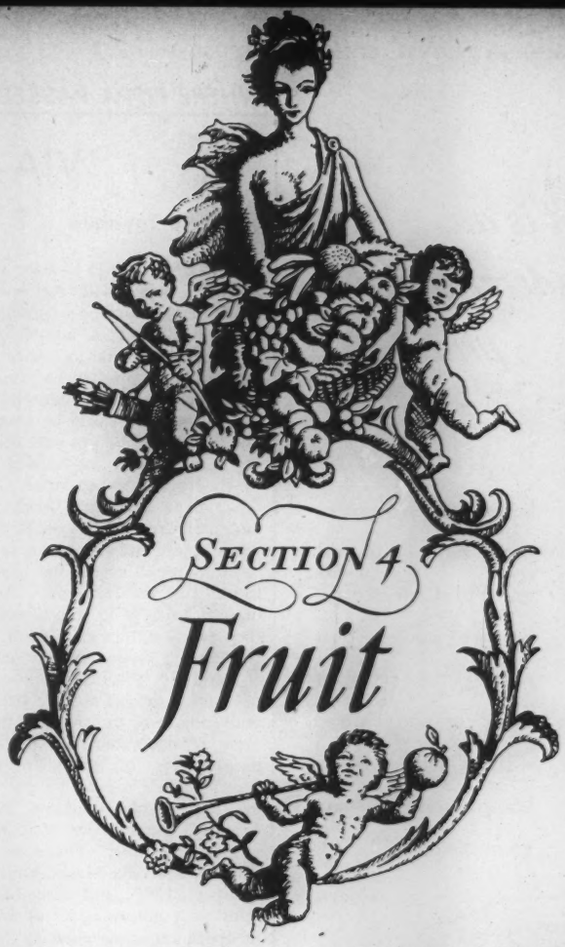
There are no English titles and the film doesn't need them, since it relies largely on the versatile pantomime of its postman hero, played by Jacques Tati, a very funny man indeed. In addition to the Tati performance, the picture is filled with slapstick, spills, and frantic cross-country chases. There is even a cross-eyed comedian, whose difficulties in a shooting gallery will carry old-timers back to the days of Ben Turpin.

The central idea, though slight, is filled with comic possibilities, none of which are neglected. François (Tati) catches a fascinating glimpse of an American documentary film describing the death-and-time-defying methods employed in the U.S.A. in getting the mails through. Inspired by this vision, François whizzes off on his decrepit bicycle to deliver the mail U.S.A. fashion. It is a very funny ride, filled with the sort of wild improvisations that used to distinguish the early Chaplin films; but when it is over the exhausted François is glad to revert to the gentle tempo of his native rural France.

There is a great deal of sly French irony in all this. The scenarists, one of whom was M. Tati himself have evidently given a good deal of gleeful attention to American documentary films describing American methods of efficiency. The result, as it works out here, is often hilariously funny, both as a parody and as a commentary on the urgent American way of life.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN

by David Brock



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LEIGH-PEMBERTON FROM "CONCISE ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF GASTRONOMY".

THEY SAY THAT A DIRTY MIND is a perpetual feast. And perhaps it is, but I'd not know at first hand, for not all of human experience has been vouchsafed to me in my present incarnation. I do know, though, that a greedy eye for cookery books is a perpetual feast. When I was nineteen and drunk with love I spent most of my reading hours feasting on Keats and Shelley and the boys. Now I am considerably older, I am lucky enough to be still in love. Not fighting drunk on the stuff, you understand, but not blind sober yet. However, the banqueting hall for my feasts in print has changed considerably. So have the menus. Instead of finding "Love in the Valley" under my pillow, you are more apt to find Escoffier or De Gouy or the "Good Cuisine of Périgord" (I told you about the latter a few years ago).

Any night during the past two months you would have found a feast indeed. It is André Simon's "Concise Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy," published in England by Collins this spring, and to be found in Canadian shops this autumn.

Simon is, of course, the President of the Wine and Food Society, and it was for that Society he originally edited the book's nine sections. The sections were issued separately at a total cost of 81/6 . . . call it over $10. For $9 you'll be able to buy them as a single volume in Canada, and I honestly can't think of a better investment for health and delight at the table and for greedy reading in bed.

And for a wedding present it is a little miracle. Name anything else under $10 that is! True, the English price of the single volume is well under $9. But that, for various reasons, is unavoidable in the Canadian book trade. And anyone who feels he isn't getting $9 worth from this amazing book is either a very great chef indeed or else a man whose stomach and imagination have signed a little suicide pact together.

The book combines a practical, entertaining, and stimulating cookery book with a guide to eating and drinking in dozens of countries. There are about 800 pages, two columns each, in small but legible print.

ANYONE with an interest in eating must long have envied M. Simon his palate and his opportunities to entertain it. But as much as anything I have envied him his gastronomic library, which is the greatest in the world. Greater than any in France, though he lives in England, where he is a most persuasive missionary to the British palate . . . and to the Americans too, since he writes in English. In the most charming English with wit and tolerance.

None of us can hope for a library to mention in the same breath as his. But this book is the fruits of his library, and to that extent we can share his treasures. And what an extent it is! He attributes quotations (recipes and information) to about 300 other books, plus countless chefs, gifted amateurs, horticulturalists, zoologists, and other direct helpers. And of course almost every page is indebted to his own enormous experience and enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm? Good heavens, he even has a left - handed compliment for peanut butter.

I should, of course, be quoting (in this confined space) a few recipes he obviously dotes on, instead of a few remarks about things he cannot quite commend. But I can't resist the advice about melons. He says they are mostly so sweet, their place is at the end of a meal. But if you serve them as an hors-d'oeuvre, as is common, with sugar and nutmeg and very cold, you can overcome their indigestibility and watery chill by taking a small glass of brandy or vodka right afterwards. Hooray! Even a glass of old madeira will do.

By the way, madeira is slowly becoming fashionable in England once more, and you can get a dry madeira that admirably replaces dry sherry before dinner. And speaking of drinks before dinner, and returning to Simon, we should pay attention when he says that one cocktail helps the gastric juices as a bugle call to meals, two do not help any better, three do harm.

THE NINE sections on Sauces, Fish, Meat, Birds, Eggs, Fruit, Vegetables, Wine, and Cheese, are all so packed with goodness, it is hard to select any brace of recipes or cluster of facts as outstanding. It is also plaguey hard to pick faults. Not to show off, but just to give you an idea of how hard it is to spot omissions, I can say that he doesn't include parsley root as an improvement in stews and soups, and so on, nor can I find any mention of mignonette, which Escoffier insists on in hollandaise sauce.

But these are quibbles. Considering how much must be left out of the world's storehouse of culinary knowledge in any single volume, the editor has done wonders.

Tell me another book that can combine classic French cookery with the solid goodness of Scots cakes and breadstuffs. It is curious how the Scots excel with cereals; far from sticking to oatmeal, they make English bakeries look silly with their buns and baps and cakes and biscuits and pancakes and all the rest. Oh . . . talking of pancakes: in this book, sobs from the snobs will greet the news about what makes a genuine crêpe Suzette. Plenty of pancakes have flaming drinks poured over them, and very nice too, but the real crêpes Suzette had nothing but sugar, butter, and orange juice on them.

Fetch me another book that can make the plainest of vegetables a treat, and boiled salt pork with pease pudding a royal dish, while making *boeuf en daube* sound as simple as it is captivating. Really, I defy you to duplicate this work, in English or in French. Even the great Escoffier didn't know how to cook carrots and onions (I bet you don't either), any more than he knew how to make "digestive" biscuits or feed a Virginian pig. But you'll find it all here.

Only you won't find it in *my* copy, which I have now hidden. You had better get your own. That's what I've been driving at from the start, in the interests of Canadian hospitality, and of Canadian self-interest too. (There are many Canadian notes and recipes, incidentally.) One of the works quoted is "The Whole Duty of Woman", a cookery book of 1695. I don't suggest that the whole duty of woman is to prepare grub for mere men. But I do strenuously suggest that part of a woman's duty is to get her husband to present her with this book. And then to get him to read it to her, if she doesn't believe in reading self-administered.

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WHERE PIPPA PASSED

VIA ROBERT BROWNING

by Philip Toynbee

FOR ENGLAND and for our time Asolo began with the publication of Robert Browning's poem, *"Pippa Passes"* in 1841, a notable example of Italy's traditional influence on English poets. Pippa worked in the silk-mills here, and the whole of her singing journey can easily be mapped out today, for the houses are still standing in which evil was turned to good by the sound of her voice. In fact, of course, this little town was an inhabited area at least three thousand years before Browning was captivated by it. Spread across the first abrupt foothills of the Dolomites, Asolo is a natural fortress to guard and survey the forty-mile-wide plain which stretches to Venice and the sea.

Certainly the merchant-noblemen of Venice recognized the beauty and convenience of the site, and the whole area is decorated by the greatest masterpieces of Palladian architecture. Which is also to say that the area of Asolo contains the most beautiful houses ever built anywhere and at any time. The most famous of all is the Villa Maser, built by Palladio in 1580, and resembling contemporary houses about as much, and in about the same way, as the homespun Piers Plowman resembles the polished couplets of Pope. It is a house of supreme and breath-taking elegance, tenderly classical, daringly but perfectly proportioned. And inside it are the sunny frescoes of Paolo Veronese, figures washed into the walls against some of the earliest pure landscapes ever to be painted in Western art.

BROWNING discovered Asolo when he was a young man, and never forgot it later. After the death of his wife he came back to live here, and it is in his own house that these words are being written. In the street outside the words *Via Robert Browning* have been kept proud and white—in a pleasing contrast to the half-effaced jowls of Mussolini and the exhortation *"Viva il re! Viva il Duce!"*

It is a town which has attracted famous men and women, at least since Browning invented it again for our own time. The delightful, preposterous museum is prouder of Eleonora Duse's empty scent-bottles and letters written in the arrogant, ornate hand of D'Annunzio than it is of its ludicrous "Tintoretto," its dusty fragments of Roman pottery and the nineteenth-century sculptures after Canova. For Duse came to Asolo after her retirement from the stage, and lived all the last years of her life in a warm house at the far end of the town.

Today there is a colony of English residents, living for the most part in houses which have not been occupied by Italian families for at least the last half-century. The best known of them, the most deeply established, is Miss Freya Stark. Her parents came to Asolo many years before she was born, and in the intervals of her Middle Eastern adventures, she has lived here ever since. She lives the life of a gentle and studious queen, not unlike, one may suppose, that officially titled Lady of Asolo, who reigned here after Venice had stolen her kingdom of Cyprus in the sixteenth century.

It was Miss Stark who revived the last remaining silk-mill when she came back to Asolo after the war, and handsome fabrics of her own design are sold in the little shop beside her house.

The atmosphere is strangely patriarchal, with power equably divided between Miss Stark and the Monsignore. The people of Asolo vote as they are told to, and it is hard to feel that many of them chafe under this firm limitation of their democratic choice. This is not the apathy of poverty, but of contentment and self-sufficiency. It must be one of the few places left in the Western world where one can escape from politics, without the guilt so often inspired by their enforced absence. Speaking locally, within horizons bounded by the plain and the mountains, all seems to be right with the world.

FALL FINERY

THE FASHION SHOWS

by Bernice Coffey

DURING THE PAST fortnight fashion shows have been taking place everywhere in Canada, and by now most of those who keep a moderately alert eye cocked at the goings-on in the fashion world have had an opportunity to see and assess the new fall clothes. And there are many new things to see and to assess, for this is a season when it is apparent even to the untrained eye that we've left one fashion cycle and are now in a new one.

Dresses and costumes from the collections of five leading Spanish houses . . . . Pertegaz, Bastida, Beleta, Rodriquez, and Santa Eulalia . . . . were given the honor of opening the show at Eaton Auditorium. Aristocratic in feeling with the richness of magnificent fabric and adornment associated with Spanish paintings, they are truly "great lady" in feeling. A blue evening cape by Bastida is faced with dramatic flashes of red and green. Beleta's taupe shantung taffeta dress has an off-shoulder line embroidered and fringed with loops of bronze beads. A grey angora wool three-piece suit has an unusual sleeveless jacket.

Spain opened the show, but the French designers provided an exciting and prophetic finale. Lanvin's beige wool "illusion" dress which looks like a two piece costume at rear, like a one-piece dress at front . . . . Balenciaga's black moire cocktail suit with blouse of wool lace . . . . the "Saturn ring", a lei-like circle which appears around shoulders or forming a collar, a Desses device . . . . the exciting new look of so many of the French costumes, especially suits with the loose, easy "unfitted" look which is in such sharp contrast to the sternly fitted jackets of previous seasons.

Notes: Tweeds and other fabrics with appearance of heaviness that is wholly deceptive . . . the return of crepe . . . beige in all collections, with deep winy reds and very dark grey . . . the slimmer tapering sleeve of the fur coats . . . the wonderfully slender look of the new middy line . . . deep, deep collars on coats . . . back-of-the-head interest in most of the hats.

Commentary was by Dora Matthews and as souvenirs of the afternoon guests received cards entitling them to a bottle of Gourielli's "Moonlight Mist" cologne.

THE INCREASINGLY international flavor of fashion in Canada was pointed up in Simpson's Arcadian Court by appearance on the runway of Italian, French, British and American clothes and, demonstrating the economic and fashion resurgence of that city, clothes from the Allied Sector of Berlin.

Presented as a prophetic highlight was a black and white tweed air-travel suit by Pierre Balmain, which should take a traveller smartly and comfortably around the world. The skirt is really culottes with two overskirts, one wrapping one way and one the other.

The Italian feeling for magnificent handwork was evident in a beige satin ball gown from Visconti of Rome. Fluttering bits of silk organza form a feathery design on the satin, giving movement to the stiffened silhouette. The organza wrapped waist emphasizes an Empire shallow bustline.

The Coronation motif has already appeared on the fashion scene, notably in evening dresses. Dior does a white crepe dress with sash and over-the-shoulder drape of American Beauty which has a truly regal air.

"Moulin Rouge" is the name given by Desses to the more than 60 tones of pink to wine used in his new collection. In an evening dress specially designed for Simpson's, he uses three tones of "Moulin Rouge". The pink lace sheath is embroidered with horsehair, beads and sequins.

Finale of the show was the robe to be worn at the Coronation by a countess, whose rank was marked by two and a half rows of black seal tips across the back of the ermine cape.

Commentator was Rosemary Boxer, and every one received a golden flacon of Elizabeth Arden's "My Dear" flower mist.

BEAUTY

Clichés of Middle Age

by Isabel Morgan

WHEN BIRTHDAYS (discreetly overlooked, we trust) begin to be counted in the forties and fifties, it's no time to become less of an individual or to allow oneself to become pigeonholed by slipping unconsciously into the clichés that either rightly or wrongly have become attached to the woman of middle age:

The flowered hat. Gay, pretty, feminine, to be sure, but Helen Hokinson impaled it on her drawing board with a lethal pen and made it the symbol of middle-aged women.

Too much of a muchness. Too many rings, too many "little" accessory touches that add up to an air of all-over busy-ness. Edit with a firm hand the veil, hat ornament, jewellery, those active little fur neckpieces made of the pelts of many small animals strung together, and let them appear in public one or two at a time. The clean-swept, uncluttered look is the real secret of smartness.

Pallid pastels. Here again we come to something that is almost the after-dark uniform of many women in their middle years . . . the floor length dress of crepe (combined sometimes with lace) in pale, characterless pastels. Perhaps the sharp, intense colors no longer are becoming, but the soft deep rich tones have all the qualities that are so very flattering. Soft deep tones and fabrics rich in character provide a lovely frame for evening hours.

BRAIN-TEASER

What Goes Up—

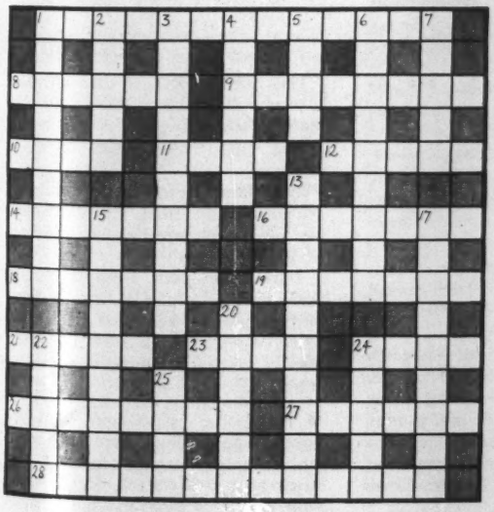
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. See 28.
8. Although not old, his name carried weight. (6)
9. See 28.
10. Shooting one may be many a director's dream! (4)
11. Letter to study in the garden. (4)
12 and 17. This, 8 found, brought things 23, 14. (5,2,7)
14. See 23.
16. Chloe in the muses' mount. (7)
18. Business takes it as a sign of endurance. (2, 5)
19. The shadow before a coming event? (7)
21. I should think so, before having twins! (5)
23 and 14. Feathers to soil? (4,2,5)
24. 5 goes round on a string. (4)
26. Briefly, Diana's better equipped than the Venus de Milo. (8)
27. A pill, if taken the wrong way, may yet stimulate. (6)
28. 1 across, 9. Comparatively fruitful conclusion reached by 8, ruefully rubbing his pate. (3,6,4,4,3,6,4,4)

DOWN

1. Did Cato make them with resin? (9)
2. Back up, Tom, or take to cycling! (5)
3. A latin gent may get to the point with this line. (10)
4. There's a girl who models differently! (6)
5. Once you are, the rest should follow. (4)
6. Host, whom the cloud-like wanderer found in bloomers? (9)
7. Even a derelict may offer something to souvenir hunters. (5)
13. Places for searching glances. (4,3,3)
15. One of a company a man is known by? (9)
17. See 12.
20. Appropriate snack to cook on an andiron? (3-3)
22. Watch the joint. (5)
24. Shakespearian character who always got the wind up, it seems. (5)
25. An M.P. needs sound eyes to see this black body. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 16 down, 4, 16 down, 6, 16 down. Speak no evil, see no evil, hear no evil
1 and 28. Speak-easy
9. Implement
10. Troop
11. Tea time
12. Reptile
13. See 30
14. Entrench
16. North Sea
19. Mashie
24. Engraft
25. Safe bet
26. Idles
27. Impolitic
28. See 1 across
29. God
30. 13, 8. After-dinner speech

DOWN

1. Skirted 2. Explain
3. Khedive 4. Seeker
5. Enthrone
6. Hotspur
7. Aeolian
8. See 30
15. Seething
16. See 1 across
17. Regalia
18. Hearsay 20. Alfalfa
21. Habitat 22. Enticer
23. Isopod (228)

■ Soprano Marguerite Gignac of Windsor, Ont., who won the Singing Stars top award in 1952 (C-I-L sponsored), has been awarded a scholarship to study at the Pius XII Institute of Fine Arts in Florence, Italy. She has been studying in New York.

■ Celia Franca has been appointed artistic director of the National Ballet Company for this year's season. June McBride of Vancouver will be pianist.

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CONCERNING FOOD

WITH OUR THANKS

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

MOST GARDEN-PLOT farmers have their harvesting completed by Thanksgiving (Oct. 13, this year) and can relax in their rocking chairs. Of course farmers of the el rancho class carry on until the snows arrive and except for the tomatoes freezing up there's not much change in routine for them. But whatever your status as a grower, Thanksgiving day is a wonderful time to contemplate the past season and its bounties and, incidentally, enjoy a festive meal to celebrate the event.

Here's a Thanksgiving menu for a small family reunion—

Epicurean Duckling Orange Sauce
Buttered Noodles
Mashed Sweet Potatoes or Squash
Green Salad
Crescent Rolls
Coconut Pumpkin Chiffon Tarts

Epicurean Duckling

- 1 5 or 6 pound dressed duckling, fresh or frozen, cut in serving pieces
- 2 teaspoons monosodium glutamate
- Salt
- Freshly ground pepper

Clean duckling thoroughly. Sprinkle with monosodium glutamate, salt and pepper. Place pieces, fat side up, in a large baking pan and let stand 10 minutes. Bake in hot oven (450°) 1 hour and 15 minutes, or until done. Pour off fat at least once during baking period. Turn pieces if they seem to be getting too brown. Makes 4-6 servings.

Orange Sauce

- 3 tablespoons duckling fat
- 3 tablespoons flour
- Grated rind from 1 large orange
- 1 cup orange juice
- 2 tablespoons current jelly
- Dash salt

In a saucepan, combine fat and flour. Add orange rind, orange juice, jelly and salt; blend well. Cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly.

Noodles

- 1½ tablespoons salt
- 4 quarts boiling water
- 12 ounces noodles (6 cups)
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- Salt and pepper to taste

Add 1½ tablespoons salt to rapidly boiling water. Gradually add noodles so that water continues to boil. Cook uncovered, stirring occasionally, until tender. Drain in colander. Combine cooked noodles, butter or margarine, salt and pepper; mix lightly. Cover until ready to serve.

Arrange noodles in centre of platter and duckling around outer edge. Serve Orange Sauce separately.

Notes on Noodles:

Green or spinach noodles are sometimes available and this is the place to serve them. Cook as directed above. Noodles Florentine are also just right with the browned duckling. Cook 1 package frozen spinach, drain and chop. Add to an 8 oz. package broad noodles, cooked. Season well and, if desired, add a dash of nutmeg.

Coconut Pumpkin Chiffon Tarts

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatine
- ½ cup cold water
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1¼ cups drained cooked or canned pumpkin
- ¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- ½ teaspoon each of salt, nutmeg and cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon ginger
- 1 cup shredded coconut, toasted*
- 8 baked tart shells
- 1/3 cup cream, whipped and sweetened

Soften gelatine in cold water. Put egg yolks in top of double boiler, add evaporated milk and beat until blended. Stir in pumpkin, ½ cup of the brown sugar, salt and spices. Cook over boiling water 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry; add remaining sugar gradually and continue beating. Fold pumpkin mixture into egg whites with ¾ cup of the toasted coconut. Fill tart shells, chill until firm. To serve, top with whipped cream and remaining coconut. Yield: 8 servings.

*To toast coconut, spread thinly in shallow pan. Place in moderate oven (350°F) and toast for 10 minutes, or until delicately browned. Stir occasionally to toast evenly. Cool before adding to pumpkin mixture.

Top Notes

CHICKEN BROTH used in place of milk makes a fine biscuit topping for chicken pie. A smidgen of grated onion adds much to flavor interest.

With lamb stew, tomato dumplings are good companions. If using a mix use ¾ cup chopped stewed tomatoes to 2 cups of mix.

For an aromatic fresh or canned fruit cobbler top with brown sugar and cinnamon pinwheel biscuits in place of plain biscuit crust. Especially good with peach, blueberry or cherry cobblers.

■ Handsome with cold ham are minted apples. Peel, core and poach whole apples in a sugar syrup (1 cup sugar to 1 cup water). Flavor syrup with mint flavoring and tint a pleasant green with food coloring. Baste frequently and cook slowly until done. Cool and arrange on lettuce or salad greens around ham. To give your platter a professional finish, swirl rosettes of cream cheese atop the apples.

EDITOR AND ENGINEER

Girl with the Iron Ring

by Margaret Ness

AUDREY RUSHBROOK wears a plain iron ring on her little finger. In engineering circles it means she's a practising engineer. There aren't many iron-ringed women in Canada. In fact, when Engineer Rushbrook graduated from the University of Toronto in 1943, she was number five on the chemical engineer list. Since then the U of T has had some 15 women engineers, including a civil, an aeronautical, two mechanical and an electrical.

Not only is Audrey one of the few practising women engineers, but she edits a scientific magazine. How would you like to share, with two others, the job of reading some 400 scientific magazines monthly — in English, French, German and Italian — and come up with some 200 resumés of the important ones?

That's Audrey's job as Editor of *The Abstract Bulletin*, put out by Aluminum Laboratories Limited in Kingston. It's all very scientific, is restricted to light metals, and some 700 copies are distributed every month all over the world—except to the Iron Curtain countries.

IT SOUNDS FORMIDABLE but Audrey isn't formidable at all. She has soft blue eyes and soft brown hair, currently worn drawn back in a bun; is a mere 5'3" and does petit-point in some of her spare moments.

She started needlework pictures seriously last winter when she had infectious mononucleosis. "Isn't that a delightful mouthful," Audrey chuckled. "And it just means glandular fever." She had dabbled in painting before; took a course with André Bieler at Queen's. "But he liked large works, and I was devoted to small canvases."

Born in Toronto, Audrey took one year arts at Trinity, then transferred to engineering. But she almost became a chiropractor like her father. It was in 1942. Third Year Audrey got a summer engineering job in a Quebec explosives factory. A furnace blew up and Audrey was burned with molten lead. In trying to get out of the building she fell and hurt her spine. Her father took over and had her walking within three weeks. She toyed with the chiropractor idea but decided to finish her engineering.

In 1945-46 she worked in two chiropractic schools. She set up a Chemical Department in the newly-opened Canadian Memorial College and later lectured at St. Louis in the U.S. There she even took part of the chiropractic course.

Then she veered back to engineering. The war had given women a break in this field. Indeed Audrey herself had been Chief Chemist in a Government magnesium plant. As very little was known about magnesium at that time, it was practically a research job.

In 1947 Audrey heard that Aluminium Laboratories in Kingston wanted an Editor; applied and got the job. She lives in a big airy apartment which she shares, at the moment, with Margaret De Wolfe of St. Stephen, NB, and a non-talkative budgie. This bird is her second. The first one was fond of riding on her shoulder; even went visiting with her by taxi, much to the surprise of the taxi drivers.

In good weather, Audrey cycles to work. Where she first lived she found transportation difficult and decided she'd get a bicycle. Now she and friends cycle around the countryside. That is, when they aren't canoeing—which is Audrey's real hobby. She brought her own canoe to Kingston via lake boat for 90 cents. A few years ago Audrey and five other girls paddled in three canoes to Ottawa. The 131 miles took them nine days. They slept in sleeping bags and cooked their own meals.

Audrey can trace her family back to Before 1066 and All That. Rushbrook Hall in Suffolk was pre-Elizabeth 1-built; was bought by the Rothschilds in the 1920's. One of her uncles was the late Venerable Canon W. F. Rushbrook of Prince Rupert, BC. Her maternal grandfather was the late George Pepper, a well-known horseman and a founder of the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair. In fact, Roseberry Avenue in Toronto is named after one of his horses.

"I have a pack of Cubs," Audrey said suddenly. It jolted me. Petite Audrey trying to cope with a lot of small boys. But another look at her determined chin and I wasn't so surprised. Besides she's well up in wild flower life and knows a lot about minerals. Her father used to take her and her brother on field excursions when they were children. And Audrey even made a mineral collection. How did she happen to get the boys, I asked. One Sunday her minister said he needed a pack leader. She phoned him later to ask what the duties were. "And the next thing I knew, I had the Pack."

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED in handicrafts, Audrey is your girl. She wrote a pamphlet, "Handicraft in Aluminium" that is put out by her firm. It's well illustrated and practical.

In fact, Audrey is a very practical person. And an unusual one, too. She once, between jobs, took a position in a box-folding factory. Just to see if she could get on with people and to see if she could turn her hand at something different. She stayed just long enough to prove to herself and the foreman (who didn't know her educational qualifications) that scientific rearrangement could speed up work.

Women engineers are gradually being accepted, Audrey feels. They get a better break in the U.S., and in England they are widely accepted. Within the London area alone there are 60 practising women engineers. Audrey belongs to the Women's Engineering Society of England and to both the American and the Canadian Chemical Societies.

■ It's a man's world. Now there's a special class for men who want to learn how to make onion soup. It's part of a course of night classes given by the Extension Department of University of British Columbia in French Cooking.

■ Winner of Canadian Red Cross bursary is Margaret Colwell of Vancouver. She will take a year's course in hospital administration at the University of Toronto. She's been Matron of McBride Outpost Hospital for over a year; will return to the BC Division of Red Cross Outpost Hospitals.

■ She may get back to her native Winnipeg as star of the touring "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Prospects are that the show may open there in the new year. But last week, Iva Withers played the role of Lorelei Lee in Montreal and trailed her diamonds on to Toronto this week.

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Ottawa View

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

(and particularly Commonwealth affairs) the Government's attachment to liberal principles is even more marked than in domestic affairs: probably because in this sphere somebody else will get the blame for any unpleasant effects.

IF ST. LAURENT'S Western tour represented the opening volley in the election campaign—and the Portage speech made no pretence to be anything else—it's fair to deduce that the PM thinks liberalism is a good policy to take to the electorate in fact as well as name. No doubt there will be a good many local modifications to suit local problems.

Now that the Liberals have started the campaign, we seem to be in for a period of political controversy as tiresome as the inevitable year which precedes a U.S. election. We may as well face the prospect. Ministers have been saying for some time that the Conservatives will turn the next session of Parliament into a chance to forge election weapons. The intentions they attribute to the opposition are a pretty fair indication of what is in their own minds.

Short of final Cabinet decisions, which are never taken till the last minute, I think the general line of the Liberal approach is already as clear as it can be. St. Laurent's speeches indicate that there will be no electoral bribe in the form of national health insurance. They ensure one in the form of tax reductions. Indeed, if the Winnipeg statement about budget levels is to be taken as a pronouncement of government policy, tax reductions next year follow as a matter of almost mathematical certainty.

The tax rates designed this spring to yield $4½ billion will probably yield more than that in this current year. Next year they would certainly yield more still, because the economy is expanding. Abbott won't need to reduce expenditures in order to reduce taxes: he'll have plenty in hand if expenditures are merely kept at the same level. And that is what the PM promised. He must have been well aware that the yield of tax revenues is increasing as the national product increases. Yet he didn't say present *tax rates* are about the limit, which — though debatable — would have been economic sense. He said the *rate of expenditure* was about the limit, which is economic nonsense. But no doubt it is good political sense.

LIGHTER SIDE

Our Escape-Happy Press

by Mary Lowrey Ross

SINCE the sensational escape from the Don Jail of Jackson, Jackson, Suchan and Boyd, it has been fascinating to watch the ebb and flow of news across our local front pages. Particularly the ebb.

The break, it seems, rocked the press back on its heels almost as completely as it did the Don Jail officials. However the press recovered more quickly. By mid-afternoon it had five full pages on the story, which overflowed on the sixth page in a leading editorial. By the next day, Tuesday, Jackson, Jackson, Suchan and Boyd (who sound oddly like a firm of respectable solicitors) were getting the full treatment, with picture layouts, interviews, and indignant demands and statements by the Mayor, who didn't miss a single edition.

On Monday it was announced that the prisoners had escaped through a second-storey window, from which they had managed to remove the bars. This was contradicted on Tuesday, and we were told that they had made their getaway through the back door, by means of a wooden key. On Wednesday this theory was discarded and the second-storey window theory revived, with a two-column picture showing a medium-sized reporter squeezing through the opening, just to prove it could be done.

With all this going on it wasn't much wonder we were left a good deal in the dark about what was happening in the outside world. General Naguib of Egypt had figured on a front-page story a day or two before the break, but immediately after it he was retired to the limbo reserved for temporarily neglected public figures. So were General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson. By holding a cabinet meeting, General Naguib managed to get back later, on an inside page. General Ike and Governor Stevenson were restored by Wednesday, (front page, second section).

ONE OF the best marks was scored by Mrs. Evelyn J. Schenk of New Jersey, who got her picture in the paper the morning after the break. She achieved this by fainting when it was announced that she had been chosen Mrs. America. The news camera caught her in the act, looking as beautiful as the Lily Maid of Astolat, so Mrs. Schenk went in. There was no connection whatever, of course, between Mrs. Schenk's faint and the Don Jail break, which makes her achievement all the more notable.

A Mrs. Mildred Fisher of Quebec got into the act legitimately, however. Mrs. Fisher claimed to have sold peroxide, hair-dye and makeup to Edwin Alonzo Boyd, who was accompanied by three men in a blue sedan. Mrs. Fisher vanished almost immediately, however. So did the blue sedan.

The official opening of Canada's television station might have suffered the same fate if it hadn't jumped the opening gun by televising Jackson, Jackson, Suchan and Boyd on Monday afternoon. This, with Chairman Davidson Dunton's celebrated wisecrack about "Canadian talent" seems to have been the most popular, or at any rate the most newsworthy, feature of the opening program. A great many prominent people made speeches on this occasion but unfortunately the press didn't find room to print them. This is hardly to be wondered at. If the St. Lawrence seaway had unexpectedly opened on that memorable Monday or Tuesday it would probably have got no more than a perfunctory notice in the second section.

HOWEVER it turned out to be an excellent time for Prime Minister St. Laurent to come out with a hint that there was very little likelihood of any reduction in taxation. By the time this dispiriting news came out, everyone was too indignant at the story that the prisoners had been allotted five blankets each to analyze with any coolness the relationship between lavish blanket distribution and taxation. The Prime Minister's speech went on an inside page in the morning paper. I couldn't find any reference to it in the evening paper.

This too was understandable, since all available space had been devoted to the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, complete with camera studies of Mrs. Boyd and large sections of the private Boyd correspondence. Mrs. Boyd looked very composed and handsome in her pictures. So did Mrs. "Tough Lennie" Jackson in the one small press photograph allotted to her.

This naturally brings up the question: why the discrimination against Mrs. Jackson in the evening paper? There were no special camera studies of Mrs. Jackson. Mrs. Boyd had three in one issue, one half a page long and five columns wide. The private correspondence between Mr. and Mrs. Jackson wasn't published, and there were no full-page interviews describing her grief at the excessive publicity. An aroused and indignant public should protest at this invidious treatment of Mrs. Jackson.

THIS should be done as soon as possible, for already outside items are beginning to creep back into the press, and the figures that customarily haunt the front page are showing signs of rallying once more. Ex-King Farouk was restored to the front page on Thursday (in small type) while Billy Rose appeared inside. There were also inside-page references to the Reverend Hewlett Johnson and Mr. James Endicott.

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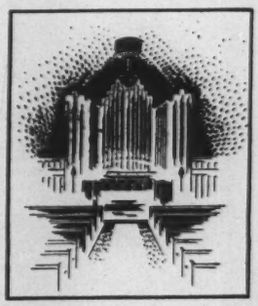

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CONCERT SEASON

Winnipeg's Full Schedule

by Frank Morriss

WAGNER'S "Overture to Tannhauser", as played by the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra Sept. 25, provided the fanfare for about the busiest musical and dramatic season the city has ever witnessed. What with eminent visiting artists, many of them new to the local scene, plus symphony, ballet and choral events, concertgoers are going to find themselves in a quandary trying to fit a jig saw puzzle of dates in order.

The symphony orchestra, under the direction of Walter Kaufmann, has become an integral part of the city's life. Kaufmann, in his programs, is being mindful of popular taste, and is not neglecting such foundation composers as Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Schubert and Brahms. However, he is going to try to include on each program the work of a living composer, and for this reason the opening one Sept. 25 featured "Procession and Shepherd's Dance" from Gian Carlo Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors." The major work on that occasion was Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2.

Lois Marshall, who was a sensation in her appearance last season, returns Oct. 23 to be the soloist in the Gustav Mahler Symphony No. 4. Other soloists will include Rosalyn Tureck, pianist, Richard Seaborn, violinist, and Peggie Sampson, 'cellist. The last named are Winnipeggers.

The Winnipeg Ballet has its opening performances on Oct. 29, 30 and 31 when Rt. Hon Vincent Massey will be in attendance. A tour of eastern and western Canada, visits to Duluth and other American centres are planned. Gweneth Lloyd, the director, is to provide the company with a new work, a tragedy with a Western Canadian theme. The score has been written by Robert Fleming, of Ottawa.

This season the Philharmonic choir, under the direction of Walter Kaufmann, will leave opera alone. Last season it did "Faust" and "Aïda" to audience acclaim, but diehard choral lovers said that it was too much a matter of soloists. The choir is now rehearsing the Bach "St. Matthew Passion", a work not given in the city for many years.

This makes Walter Kaufmann a busy man, for he has composing plans up his sleeve, and only recently completed a full length opera based on Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." He is his own librettist.

The Women's Musical Club will be bringing visiting artists, as well as sponsoring concerts by local ones. Richard Dyer-Bennet, the balladist, is due, and so are Gina Bachauer, pianist, Nell Rankin, Metropolitan Opera contralto, the Griller string quartet and Gerard Souzay, French baritone.

The Celebrity Concerts, under the direction of E. F. Gee, are jam-packed with attractions. One of them, "Opera Backstage" (from Toronto), includes Jan Rubes, Mary Morrison, Andrew McMillan, Joan Ivey, and Ernest Adams under the direction of Herman Geiger-Torel. Anna Russell, the comedienne, is also due. New to the city will be Jeanette MacDonald, Henry L. Scott, the pianist-comedian, the Gershwin festival orchestra and soloists, Blanche Thebom, contralto, the Societa Scarlatti di Napoli, Kurt Baum and Zinka Milanov.

The Winnipeg Little Theatre gets underway Oct. 10 and 11 with Philip Barry's "The Philadelphia Story", and will follow it up with Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!", Kapek's "RUR", and Giraudoux's "The Madwoman of Chaillot". All this plus members' nights and play readings.

These are just some of the attractions already booked for the city, and there are shows and programs planned by the University of Manitoba, the Wednesday Morning Musicale, the Jewish Musical Club choir and orchestra, to name a few.

As for plays, "Oklahoma!" will do a return visit (its third), "Mr. Roberts" will dock at the Playhouse theatre in December. There is a possibility of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" coming with Iva Withers, formerly of Winnipeg, in the lead. Elsa Lanchester, who seems to be a combination of Yvette Guilbert, Beatrice Lillie and the Marx brothers, is also coming.

FRANK MORRISS *is music and drama critic for the* Winnipeg Free Press.

—Driemen

KAUFMANN: Integrator of the Orchestra.

RECORDS

New Releases

CONCERTO No. 2 in C minor—*Rachmaninoff*. What should be—and once was—the definitive interpretation of the work is re-recorded in *Victor's* "Treasury" series. Here, the composer with Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, suffer in purely technical ways since the redubbing cannot equal modern recording excellence. The inevitable muffling and deadening, mars the record as a pure version and tips it into the curiosa category. (*Victor—LCT1014.*)

SYMPHONY No. 2 IN D—*Sibelius*. A repressing of the symphony performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Koussevitsky as a memorial to the great conductor who died last year. The 78 version always seemed to us the definitive one and it suffers not at all by its transfer to LP. It has always been a toss-up between Ormandy with the Philadelphia on English *Columbia* and this one for relative merit: Ormandy's has the power and Koussevitsky's the poetry. In recorded sound the 78 Koussevitsky was the inferior in the old-style records; LP technique has now closed the gap and this recording—at present probably more readily available than the English one—is our choice. (*Victor—LM 1172*).

SYMPHONY No. 5; LEONORE OVERTURE No. 1; PROMETHEUS OVERTURE; ADAGIO AND SCHERZO FROM QUARTET No. 16—*Beethoven*. If ever absolute music can carry a clear philosophy, then this symphony is it. The aesthetics of the work—the beauty and symmetry of its form, the passionate fires of its development—are matters for the student, but the intrinsic philosophy of the greatness of man—here more than just implied—is for any listener. And Toscanini, conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, is as much a philosopher as musical genius when expounding something as beautiful and understandable as that built upon the rhythmic Fate motif.

The record is in the Treasury of Immortal Performances series, and, with the generous reverse side of overtures, is a "must" masterpiece for anyone's collection. (*Victor—LCT-1041.*)

GIRL CRAZY—The music of the late George Gershwin has worn better than 90 per cent of most American jazz. The tight frames of sprightly musical shows within which he had to create has had a lot to do with it. The score of his 1930 hit (with lyrics by brother Ira) "Girl Crazy" here gets a new setting. The familiar tunes: "Bidin' My Time", "Embraceable You", "I Got Rhythm", "But Not For Me".

The orchestra is larger than of pit dimensions but the arrangements are carefully directed to the themes themselves rather than getting lost in a lush overlay as often happens these days. Vocals are by several with Mary Martin starring. Recording: excellent. (*Columbia—ML4475.*)

LES COMPAGNONS DE LA CHANSON—The choral group that has already become popular providing background for chanteuse Edith Piaf steps out in a pleasing *a capella* medley. Assorted lyrics come in English and French with some surprises (*e.g.*, the Whippenpoof Song in French: "Chanson à ma bien-aimée"), "Cry of the Wild Goose" in a mild tempo and genteel harmonic treatment. Les Compagnons, however, are still largely riding on their first popularity: "Les Trois Cloches" ("The Jimmy Brown Song") and it leads off this set. (*Columbia—CL6208.*)

HOLIDAYS FOR KEYS—Cy Walter, ex-Piano Playhouse star, is a pop artist with exceptionally fluent pianism—without cliché breaks, nor a boring boogie beat, nor unlearned dissonances. Best of this group of eight: "While We're Young" and "They Can't Take That Away from Me." (*Columbia—CL6202.*)

"Operation Dryout"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

morning the machines arrived, by Express, and by Sunday they were in full operation.

The smaller pair were available in Ottawa, as were the needed three German-made hygrometers, to measure the moisture content of the air, and a hygrothermagraph, borrowed from National Research Council, to measure the heat as well. These machines automatically record the changing amount in a line of ink, on a circular chart. The hygrometers were bought from the Central Scientific Co. of Canada Ltd., Ottawa.

The Library of Parliament had its own small air-conditioning unit, but the flood of hose water caved in two sections of it, and in any case it had to be turned off because the relative humidity outside rendered it useless in those conditions. August was an exceptionally humid month in Ottawa. Later, when the outdoor humidity fell, it was used as an auxiliary unit.

Now the dehumidifiers stand, three tall and straight in the main library, one crouched beneath the basement ceiling; cooling coils above and compressor below, the whole thing quivering ceaselessly. Behind each is a pair of buckets, one ready to replace the other, and a copper tube drips water steadily into one of them.

In among a scattering of electric fans and large blowers stand the humidrys, as the smaller units are known. They look something like slicked-up metal versions of the old-fashioned washstand, with a receptacle in the bottom which is emptied, every few hours, like the pails on the floor above, by the parliamentary guards, who keep a record of the amount drawn off.

The once-soaked floor in the vaults is still dark with wetness, and the shelves are just drying out. Some of them are smashed — occasionally books were stacked in tight piles, and they swelled so much with the moisture absorbed that they broke the sturdy wood confining them. Perhaps less than half a ton of water a day is coming out of them by now, but it will be many weeks yet before they are completely dry—and before all the 150,000 books are dried out, rebound or replaced.

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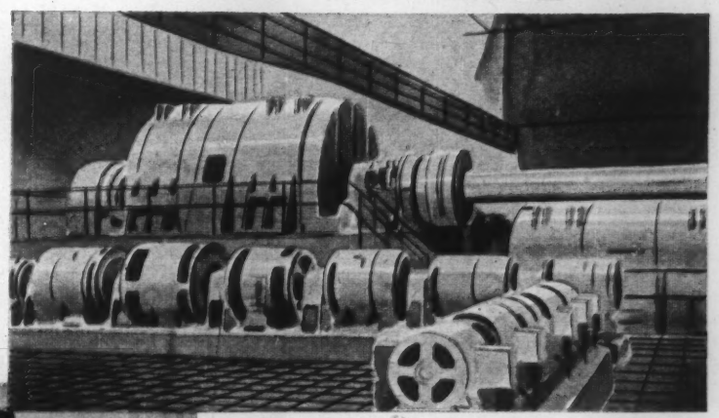

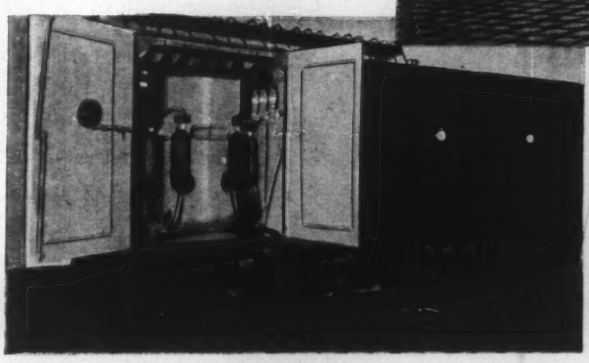

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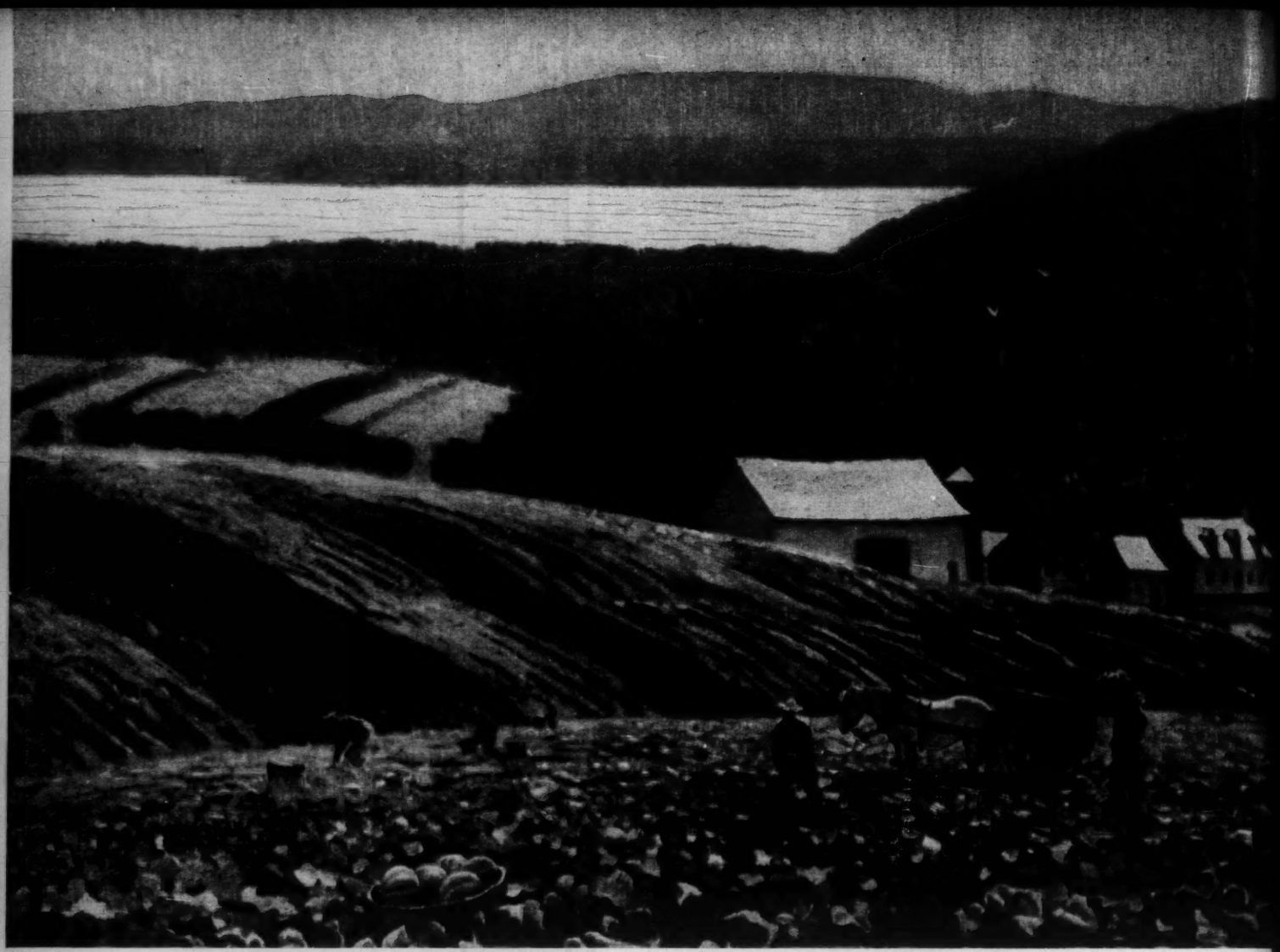

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